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When Justice in a blaze of light,
Reveald her radiant form to sight;
The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose ev'ry joint and pale his look.

Vide Fable 8. Line 37. Page 55.

Designed by R. Corbould.

Printed for C. Cooke Nov. 18. 1797.

Engraved by C. Warren.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD MOORE.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart---
I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions understood.
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:
To these detesting praise I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all promisc'ous as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

Fable I.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternost r-Row
and sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS

LIFE OF MOORE.

FOR the particulars of the life of Edward Moore, who by his fables has acquired great literary fame, the world is indebted to the Reverend Joshua Toulmin, the judicious historian of Taunton, a divine of profound learning and liberal principles, who derived his information respecting the descent and education of our author from his only surviving sister.

Edward Moore was born at Abingdon, in the county of Berks, March 22, 1712. He was the third son of the Rev. Thomas Moore, A. M. minister of a congregation of protestant dissenters in that town, who, for some years previous to his settling there, had kept an academy at Bridgwater for the tuition of youth designed for the ministry, or desirous of going through a course of literature to qualify them for the more important departments in life. He died at Abingdon, about the year 1722.

The seminary at Bridgewater was supported by the Rev. John Moore, A. M. uncle to our author, through a period of more than fifty years [a small interruption in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign excepted, when he was obliged to secrete himself] till the time of his death, in 1748, in a manner that redounded to his own honour, and the credit of learning, religion, and virtue. The only literary production attributed to the father of our author is a tract on the controversy of the day between the established church and the dissenters, entitled "The Honesty of Protestant Dissenters vindicated, in answer to Mr, Peer's character of a Protestant Dissenter, in twelve marks, with some remarks on the additional Preface." This work is written upon liberal principles, with judgment and candour, and indicates much point and humour. His widow died in London, about 1771, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years, expressing to the last an affectionate remembrance of the excellencies of his character, and her painful sense of the great loss sustained in

the removal of a most beloved partner, after the happiest union during a course of twenty years.

As he lost his father before he was ten years old, the care of his education devolved on his uncle, under whose immediate superintendence he passed some years, and was then removed to the public school of East Orchard in Dorsetshire.

His friends do not appear to have designed him for any of the learned professions, as he was placed by them with an eminent wholesale linen-draper, in London, and having acquired some knowledge of trade in his service, he went to Ireland in the capacity of a factor, and resided there for some years. On his return he entered into partnership in the linen trade; but his success in business not answering his expectation, the connection was dissolved. It has been said that he never was in business on his own account; but that he had been engaged in commercial employ is evident from the following stanzas in his "Ode to Garrick, on the talk of the Town on his Marriage."

And then there's Belmont, to be sure,
Oho! my gentle *Neddy Moore*
How does my good Lord Mayor?
And have you left *Cheapside*, my dear?
And will you write again next year,
And shew your fay'rite player?

Whether from a stronger attachment to the study than the counter; from a more ardent zeal in the pursuit of fame than in the search after fortune; or whether, from the cause assigned by our author himself in the preface to the quarto edition of his works, that "his marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination;" he certainly quitted business to join the retinue of these ladies, and soon gave proofs of very considerable talents for poetry.

In 1744 he produced his first performance, entitled *Fables for the Female Sex*, which were very favourably received. They are admitted by the generality of critics to approach nearer to the manner of Gay, not only in the freedom and ease of the versification, but also in the force of the moral, and the poignancy of

the satire, than any of the numerous imitations of that much admired fabulist which have been attempted since their publication.

Three of these fables, *The Sparrow and the Dove*, *The Female Seducers*, and *Love and Vanity*, were the production of his worthy and ingenious friend, Henry Brooke, Esq. whose assistance he acknowledges in the preface, without mentioning the pieces he contributed to the work.

“To avoid,” says he, “the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me, that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of *Gustavus Vasa*. Let the crime of pleasing be his whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.”

The encomium passed by Moore on his poetical associate has by some been deemed rather extravagant, though it is acknowledged by his contemporaries in general, that Brooke, with many peculiarities, was a man of genius and learning, and, what is far superior, a valuable member of society.

In 1748 he undertook the defence of the first Lord Lyttleton in an ironical poem, called *The Trial of Selim the Persian, for high Crimes and Misdemeanors*, in which he has shewn himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of panegyric, such as is couched under the appearance of accusation, and for which, it is observed by one of his biographers, he was paid with kind words, which, as is too common, raised great expectations that were at last disappointed.

The same year he produced his first dramatic attempt, *The Foundling*, a comedy, at Drury Lane theatre, but which, though aided by the acting of Garrick and other performers of the first eminence, did not meet with the success it deserved. On the first night of its appearance, the character of Faddle giving much disgust, as supposed to be aimed at a fop of distinction, the comedy was considerably curtailed in all the ensu-

ing representations. It was also condemned from an opinion that prevailed that it bore a near resemblance to many parts and passages in Steele's *Conscious Lovers*. on a comparative view, however, there will be found very little of the supposed analogy; and the comedy has since been frequently performed with universal applause. The prologue was written by Brooke.

Soon after the appearance of his *Foundling*, he wrote a little piece which he entitled *The Trial of Sarah *** alias Slim Sal, a Jeu d'Esprit*, occasioned by the vivacity and good humour with which he passed an evening with a lively party at a friend's house at Eaton, near St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire. This trifle was highly relished by the party, to whom the allusions required no explanation.

In 1749, he wrote a complimentary ode to Garrick on his marriage with Madame Violetti, and the same year entered himself into that state of indissoluble union with a beautiful and accomplished woman, daughter of Mr. Hamilton, table director to the princesses; on which occasion Lord Lyttleton did him the honour of standing father. This lady had a poetical turn, and has been said to have assisted her husband in the writing of his plays. She expressed her partiality towards Moore in the following song, addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, in which she quibbles on his name with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expresses a sincere affection. This specimen of the lady's poetry was handed about before their marriage, and printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other miscellaneous collections of the times.

Would you think it, my Duck (for the fault I must own)
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown;
Her millions, if Fortune should lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched if I had not *More*.

As gay as I am, should I spend half my days
In dances and op'ras, ridottos and plays,
Her fate your poor Jenny with tears would deplore,
For, alas! my dear girl, what are these without *More*.

'Tis the same thing with pleasure, with money, with men,
And I think I shall never be happy again;
I've lovers, and dangles, and praters, good store,
And yet, like true woman, I still sigh for *More*.

Mamma, she cries, Jenny, why all this ado,
 You may have a husband, you know child, or two:
 But I pouted, and whimper'd, and fretted, and swore,
 That I would not have one, unless I had *More*.

The giant, poor devil, has just now been here,
 And has offer'd to settle eight hundred a-year;
 But I answer'd the wretch as I once did before,
 You know it wo'nt do, Sir, for I must have *More*.

Though the fool I despise should bespatter my fame,
 Yet, I think I'm as wise as some folks I could name;
 I but worship that idol which others adore,
 For those that have thousands would gladly have *More*.

Now in spite of this craving, I vow and protest,
 That avarice ne'er had a place in my breast,
 For I swear I'd not envy the miser his store,
 Had I but enough for myself and one *More*.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
 Whose merit can boast, such a conquest as me;
 But you shan't know his name, tho' I told you before
 It begins with an M, but I dare not say *More*.

Moore's reliance had hitherto been on the efforts of his pen, and he had cherished hopes from the civilities he had experienced from Lord Lyttleton, of deriving from his patronage a permanent income; but in this he was disappointed; some real advantages, however, accrued to him from the friendship of Garrick.

In 1751, his comedy of *Gil Blas*, was performed at the theatre in Drury Lane. It is the most inferior of his dramatic productions. The design is taken from the story of *Aurora*, in the excellent novel of *Gil Blas*,* but bears too near a resemblance to the plot of the *Kind Impostor*; and he is accused by the critics of having deviated greatly from truth in the manners of his characters. Notwithstanding these imperfections, and a violent opposition, the piece was carried through the nine nights, the cause of which was chiefly attributed to the exertions of Mr. Garrick, in the interest of the author.

In 1753, he produced his *Gamester*, a tragedy, which was likewise acted at Drury-Lane theatre, but with no great degree of applause. Great prejudices having been too justly entertained both against the author and his piece, from his *Gil Blas* being forced

* *Gil Blas* is included in the select Novels, which form a part of our Pocket Library.

upon the town several successive nights, notwithstanding every token of disapprobation; to obviate that vindictive severity very naturally expected on the present occasion, Spence permitted *The Gamester* for the first four nights of its performance to be imputed to him; but when he threw aside the mask, as he supposed the success of the play to be no longer doubtful; such was the unconquerable power of prejudice, that many of those very persons who had applauded *The Gamester* as the work of *Spence*, were amongst the foremost to condemn it as the production of *Moore*.

Waving prejudices, from whatever grounds they may have been imbibed, it may be affirmed that this tragedy is Moore's best dramatic performance. It is written in prose, though some part of it had been originally composed in blank verse. The language is nervous, and yet pathetic; the plot is artful, yet well conducted; the characters are strongly marked, yet natural; and the catastrophe is truly tragic, yet not unjust. It was objected to on its first appearance as too prosaic in the language, and too horrible in the catastrophe, for no other apparent reason, but because it too nearly touched a favourite and fashionable, though most destructive of all vices.

The Gamester was shewn to Dr. Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*, who afforded it the highest sanction of recommendation in this remarkable expression, that "gaming wanted such a caustic as the concluding scene of the play presented." In his preface, the author says, and with much propriety, "I should humbly presume that the working it up to any uncommon degree of horror is the *merit* of the play, and not its *reproach*. Nor should so prevailing and destructive a vice as gaming be attacked upon the theatre, without impressing upon the imagination all the horrors that attend it."

Mr. Garrick, from motives of friendship, exerted himself for the success of both these pieces, as an actor and an author. "In the latter he distinguished himself," says his biographer, "by uncommon spirits in

some scenes, and by great agonizing feelings in the last." Moore, in his preface, expresses his admiration of this inimitable performer, who, in the character of Beverley, exceeded every idea he had conceived of it in writing, and acknowledged himself indebted to him for many popular passages in the play. The scene in particular between *Lewson* and *Stukely* has been ascribed wholly to Garrick. *The Gamester* still keeps possession of the stage, where it has received great recommendation from the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the character of Mrs. Beverley.

In the year 1753, our author commenced a weekly miscellaneous paper called *The World*, by *Adam Fitz-Adam*, which he regularly carried on till February, 1757. The design, as he explains it in the first number, was "to ridicule with novelty and good humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which we call the *World*, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements." Many distinguished literary characters afforded their assistance to this work. Amongst these were, the Honourable Horace Walpole, the Earl of Orford, Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. the Earl of Corke, Sir David Dalrymple, the Earl of Chesterfield, Dr. Warton, Whitehead, Lovibond, Jenyns, and other writers of eminence, who, as Moore expresses it, "ornamented this publication with their beauty, and honoured it with their essays."—The demand for *The World* greatly exceeded expectation, and, during the time of its appearance, it was the only fashionable vehicle in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public.

The first paper sent by Lord Chesterfield, being without any notice from whence it came, underwent but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have stopped any further communication, but Lord Lyttleton happening fortunately to call at Doddsley's, the paper was shewn to him. He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing. Moore

being informed of the discovery, read the paper attentively, discerned its merits, and thought proper not only to publish it directly but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the writer. Lord Chesterfield was so gratified by the behaviour of Moore upon the occasion, that he placed an implicit confidence in his taste and judgment as an Editor, and whenever he sent a paper for insertion in *The World*, he gave him liberty to publish it entirely, to alter any part of it, or suppress it altogether.

Mr. Toulmin, on the authority of Dr. Farr of Taunton, alledges that when Moore collected the papers for publication, he solicited permission to dedicate one of the volumes to Mr. Cambridge, who assented to it, upon condition that he himself should write the dedication, a task which he executed with the utmost delicacy, and in a manner that did equal honour to his head and heart.

It is not a little singular, that Moore, with all his own exertions, and all his seemingly important connections, scarcely obtained an income sufficient to live in a style of respectability. In 1755, he settled with his family in a little house at South-Lambeth, and had for his neighbour, Cooke the translator of Hesiod, with whom he had been acquainted before the publication of his Fables. They both met at a weekly club in the neighbourhood, which was usually composed, among others, of several literary characters; Dr. Howard, H. Hatfield, Sir Joseph Mawbey, &c. Moore and Cooke lived on friendly terms with each other, though they widely differed in their manners and habits.

In the life of Cooke there is the following account given by Sir Joseph Mawbey in the Gentleman's Magazine.

“Cooke” says the Baronet “began the world with little fortune, and he was early thrown upon the town with strong passions, which it is supposed he gratified very freely in the younger part of his life. He was, when I knew him, regular and sober, though convivial.

No one enjoyed the pleasures of the table more than he did, or was more entertaining at it. Though he spoke with much freedom of men and things, and we did not think his strictures on either well founded, he had such a fund of general knowledge and anecdote, without being in reality ill-natured, that it was impossible for such as knew him thoroughly to avoid being pleased.

“He was however not unfrequently dictatorial and assuming, which often disgusted strangers, and made him feared by many. Moore, H. Hatfield, Dr. Howard, and many other lively companions, were visibly restrained by Cooke, who excelled them in learning, and whose spirits generally induced him to take the lead in company and frequently with infinite humour; at the same time, it must be allowed, few exceeded him in sprightliness and witty conversation.”

Our author published his works in quarto by subscription, in 1756. Prefixed to them is a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, in which he took occasion to compliment his Grace's brother, Mr. Henry Pelham; that great statesman having honoured him with his patronage.

“Defects in this work,” says Moore, in the preface, “there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to mend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good humour. I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able; a legitimate one I am sure it is, and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.”

The weekly paper, *The World*, was continued 'till his death put a period to it. The last proof sheet of the complete edition of that work was waiting for correction when he expired at his house in South-Lambeth, February 28, 1757, in the 45th year of his age. He

was interred in the new burying-ground belonging to Lambeth Parish, near the High Street, but without a stone to mark the spot where his corpse was deposited.

Whether our author had any experience of the bounty of Lord Chesterfield in his life-time is not known; but after his decease the noble Earl testified a regard for his memory on conferring very signal favours on his son, not only by defraying the expence of his education 'till he was sixteen years of age, but presenting him with 500*l.* with part of which he purchased a place in the Salt-office; but inclining to the sea service, he went on board a man of war as a midshipman, and died at sea in 1773. Mrs. Moore, after the death of her husband obtained a place in the Queen's household, and lived with great comfort and respectability.

The World, which he just lived to complete was published in six volumes duodecimo, in 1757. The subsequent editions in four volumes, are too numerous to be specified. His Fables have been frequently reprinted, and with his other poems have been received into the collection of the works of the English poets. In the present edition the *Temple of Hymen*, is inserted among the Fables contributed by Brooke, omitted in some former editions.

Of Brooke we have met with the following memorial.—“He was born in 1706. His father, the Reverend William Brooke, of Rantavan had considerable church preferment in Ireland. He was educated at Dr. Sheridan's school, and from thence removed to the temple, in his sixteenth year. The engaging sweetness of his temper, and peculiar vivacity of his genius, attracted the notice and esteem of the reigning wits. Swift prophesied wonders of him. Pope affectionately loved him. Thus flattered and encouraged, he returned to Ireland, and married privately his cousin, Miss Means, who had her first child before she was fourteen. He went a second time to London, but poetry was as fatal there as love had been in Ireland. The study of the law appeared drier than ever. He renewed his intimacy with Pope, and wrote his poem

of "Universal Beauty" under his eye and criticism. He was however, soon obliged to return; family affairs demanding his presence. He practised for some time as chamber counsel. In 1737 he went a third time to England, where Pope received him with open arms. Lyttleton soon distinguished and cherished a mind and genius similar to his own. Pitt was particularly fond of him, and introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who caressed him with uncommon liberality, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of his friendship. Here, flushed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praise, he produced his tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*. Government took offence at the spirit of liberty which it breathed, and closed the theatres against it, but could not prevent its publication.

"Encouraged by his success, he took a house at Twickenham, and sent for Mrs. Brooke, who was proposed by the prince to be nurse to his present Majesty. While every prospect smiled, he was seized with a violent and unconquerable ague, ordered to return to his native air, and spent the remainder of his life in Ireland. While barrack-master to Lord Chesterfield, while writer of the "Farmers Letters, &c." he passed, no doubt, through many busy and interesting scenes, but the particulars are not sufficiently known to be related with certainty. He left the country, and rented a house and farm in Kildare, where he resided for a few years. He afterwards took and improved a farm in the vicinity of the family estate. Shortly after his wife died, and with her all his happiness and the best part of his existence. At length he withdrew to his paternal seat, where he devoted himself wholly to the muses. He wrote several tragedies and formed golden dreams of their success upon the English stage, from his interest with Garrick, but was disappointed. He tried the Irish stage, and was tolerably successful, but not equal to his hopes and his occasions. He was compelled to mortgage, and at last to sell his paternal estate. From this

time he excluded himself entirely from the world; the powers of his mind decayed, and his genius flashed but by fits. The last of his writings were the *Fool of Quality* and *Juliet Grenville*. He died October 10, 1783, in the 77th year of his age.

“Brooke died, as he lived, a Christian. With the meekness of a lamb, and the fortitude of a hero, he supported the tedious infirmities of age, the langours of sickness, and the pains of dissolution, and his death like his life was instructive. Of nineteen children two only survived him, a son in the army, since dead, and a daughter who inherited his genius. She published a quarto volume of poems in 1792, and died in 1793.

“His poetical works, including fifteen plays, were collected into four volumes octavo in 1778. His *Universal Beauty*, a philosophical poem in six books; two books of *Tasso's Jerusalem delivered*; *Constantia, or the Man of Law's Tale*, modernized from Chaucer; *Redemption*, a poem; *Corade*, a fragment; *The Fox Chase*, a poem, &c. were recommended to be inserted with his fables in the works of the British poets, but were excluded in consequence of some arrangement relative to the extent of the collection.

“The fables of Brooke may vie with almost every production of the kind, for poetical colouring, facility of versification, and strength of sentiment. They have all the flowing ease, clearness of expression, and poignancy of satire that are to be found in Gay and Moore. But with all their merit they have been thought too extensive for that kind of writing: fable should be short, strong in application, quick in effect, and poignant in the moral. The *Temple of Hymen* is properly an allegorical tale: It is flowing, clear, and poetical, and ends with a well-turn'd compliment to Lord Charlemont. The *Sparrow and the Dove* breathes throughout the true spirit of poetry; but perspicuity is sometimes lost in the flight of the muse. Perhaps the connection and conduct of the fable would not be injured by the omission of about 150 lines, be-

giming, *Freedom restrain'd by reason's force*, and ending, *While swelling with the darling theme*; the abstruse reasoning and philosophy, which might figure well in another place are very improper in the character of a *Dove*. The *Female Seducers* is an excellent performance: perspicuity, without which genius wants its best support, is sometimes wanting; but all the pictures and descriptions are very highly coloured, and the versification is exquisitely polished and harmonious. *Love and Vanity* has great strength and vigour of poetry, and some of those peculiarities which run through the great variety of his performances."

Moore, whose literary genius as a fabulist resembled that of his friend Brooke, was a truly amiable and respectable character. He possessed a remarkably happy temper, and was a most cheerful and engaging companion. The simplicity of his manners endeared him to the whole circle of his friends, who never mentioned his name but with the profoundest esteem and veneration. From the respectable characters of his coadjutors in the *World*, and those to whom his several pieces are addressed, it appears that he was honoured with the friendship of almost all his contemporaries, who were themselves remarkable for talents and for learning; and it is observed with great justice and candour, that the papers written by Moore will suffer no injury by a comparison with any of those contributed to the work by his literary friends.

The following letter of Moore, furnished by Mr. Toulmin, is a specimen of that vivacity and wit attuned with a proper portion of what may be called the moral sense, which formed a leading trait in his character. It is addressed to the Reverend John Ward, a dissenting minister at Taunton, who, venerable as he was himself for learning, worth, piety and years, deemed it an honour to have his name connected with that of Moore. This letter was occasioned by his being prevented by Fielding's illness, from appointing an evening on which he might invite

Mr. Ward to meet at his lodgings some of the first literary characters of the day.

“ It is not owing to forgetfulness that you have not heard from me before. Fielding continues to be visited for his sins, so as to be wheeled about from room to room : when he mends, I am sure to see him at my lodgings ; and you may depend upon timely notice : what fine things are wit and beauty, if a man could be temperate with the one, or a woman chaste with the other ! But he that will confine his acquaintance to the sober and modest, will generally find himself among the dull and the ugly. If this remark of mine should be thought to shoulder itself in without an introduction, you will please to note that Fielding is a wit ; that his disorder is the gout, and intemperance the cause.”

“ Moore” says Sir Joseph Mawbey, who knew him well, “ was cousin-german to Fuller the banker. He told me he had been in Ireland on some scheme of business, I believe in the linen trade. He was a well-bred, amiable man, and a cheerful, witty and entertaining companion. Cooke and Moore had often proposed to themselves, and to me, considerable pleasure in attending me at the next assizes of Surry, of which it was known I was to be Sheriff in February 1757. Before such assize meeting in March, I had alas ! to regret the death of both my neighbours and friends ; Cooke being buried on the first of January, in that year, and Moore on the fifth of March following.”

The poetical compositions of Moore possess a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent happiness of expression. If his style is not highly elevated, it is correct and accurate. Though he cannot be placed in the first class of dramatic writers, his tragedy of the Gamester entitles him to a respectable rank. The plots of his pieces are in general interesting, his characters well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language pleasing : but his writings derive the greatest merit from their apparent tendency to promote the cause of benevolence and humanity.

His fables to which we have previously adverted, are fraught with poetical spirit, beautiful imagery, and harmony of numbers. They not only deserve commendation as inculcating lessons of morality, but as exhibiting a striking display of human life.

The following verses, written in a copy of Moore's fables by Garrick, are not only an elegant and well-turned compliment to the fair possessor of it, but truly descriptive of the nature and merit of the work.

While here the poet paints the charms
Which bless the perfect dame,
Her unaffected beauty warms,
And art preserves the flame.
How prudence, virtue, sense, agree
To form the happy wife,
In *Lucy* and her *book* I see
The *picture* and the *life*.

Sir Joseph Mawbey has transcribed from Cooke's Common-place book his "remarks on Moore's fables," which the baronet believes "will be allowed to be very just by every lover of poetry." They are as follow:

"June 1743. I read sixteen fables in manuscript" wrote by Mr. Edward Moore. The ninth, *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*, is a very pretty fable, and there are great elegancies in the introduction. The sixteenth and last fable called *The Female Seducers* is a charming, elegant poem. These two fables are far superior to the rest, and are unexceptionably good. The diction is such as the province of poetry requires; and there are many delicacies in sentiment and expression; and the imagery is strong and delightful. The other fables have their merit, but have many imperfections, which I doubt not the author will remove before they are printed. The versification through all is sweet with very few exceptions. His images are some of them lovely, and livelily clothed. The following four verses are from the ninth fable addressed to a lady.

Sweet are the flowers that deck the field,
Sweet are the flowers that blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
And sweet, though sweeter, you, the rose."

“Here is true simplicity and sweetness. Speaking in the last fable of the dissolution of things, he has some of the most beautiful images I desire to see in poetry ; as these lines.

Gone like traces in the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep ;
Dews exhal'd from sunny glades,
Melting snows and gliding shades.

Sir Joseph Mawbey justly observes, that Cooke “might have given many other extracts from them equally beautiful.” He appears to have been unacquainted with the real author of *The Female Seducers*.

The most considerable of his miscellaneous pieces is *The Trial of Selim*, which contains much fine irony, expressed in elegant versification. His *Odes* are pleasing, and poetical, but have not the fire and enthusiasm which belong to the higher kind of lyric poetry. His *Songs* may be justly ranked among the best compositions of the kind in our language. They are simple, elegant, and sprightly in the highest degree.

“His poetical works,” says Sir Joseph Mawbey, “have established his name for genius, though they did not procure him much fortune, nor patrons to place him in a state of independence. There is an easy elegance in his compositions which renders them as pleasing as any in the English language.” Upon the whole it appears that our author possessed a degree of literary merit sufficient to obtain the commendation of contemporaries, and command the esteem and respect of future ages.



PREFACE.

MOST of the following poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces, but as many of them were printed without a name, I was advised, by some particular friends, to collect them into a volume, and publish them by subscription: The painful task of soliciting such a subscription was chiefly undertaken by those friends, and with such spirit and zeal, that I should be greatly wanting in gratitude if I neglected any opportunity, either public or private, of making them my most sincere acknowledgments. I am also obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a considerable number of subscribers in that kingdom, a list of whose names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was desired not to delay publication. I mention this seeming neglect that my friends on that side the water may not accuse me of any disrespect.

Such as the work now is I submit it to the public. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Those parts of it that have been published singly had the good fortune to please; those that are now added will I hope be no discredit to them. Upon the whole, I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able: a legitimate one I am sure it is; and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE
THOMAS HOLLES,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

HAD I the honour of being personally known to your Grace, I had not thus presumptuously addressed you without previous solicitation for so great an indulgence; but that your Grace may neither be surprised nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is, that the great and good man whose name is prefixed to the first of these poems was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind assurances he was pleased to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loss amidst the general concern. It is from these favours and assurances that I flatter myself with having a kind of privilege to address your Grace upon this occasion, and to entreat your patronage of the following sheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham except that of honouring his virtues, and wishing to have been serviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved, your Grace will not think me unworthy of some small share of that notice with which he was once pleased to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your just and prudent administration of public affairs: that the salutary measures you are pursuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace, as they are of happiness to these kingdoms, is the sincere wish of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most humble,

Most obedient, and

Most devoted Servant,

EDWARD MOORE.

Tully's Head, Pall Mall,

Feb. 26, 1756.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay to beauty due
I write, Fair Excellence! to you,
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten your's.
Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from Wisdom's way.

5

I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument if actions raise
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.

10

15

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all promisc'ous as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

20

25

Virtue in ev'ry clime and age
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
While satire, that offends the ear
Of Vice and Passion, pleases her.

30

Premising this your anger spare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions press'd,
 To Jupiter their prayers address'd:
 By specious lies the state was vex'd,
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
 Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sat
 Decider of the grand debate.

35

40

The Pie, to trust and power preferr'd,
 Demands permission to be heard:
 Says he, "Prolixity of phrase
 "You know I hate. This libel says
 "Some birds there are who prone to noise
 "Are hir'd to silence Wisdom's voice,
 "And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
 "Rise by their emptiness to power.
 "That this is aim'd direct at me
 "No doubt you'll readily agree;
 "Yet well this sage assembly knows
 "By parts to government I rose;
 "My prudent counsels prop the state;
 "Magpies were never known to prate."

45

50

The Kite rose up; his honest heart
 In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.
 "That there were birds of prey he knew,
 "So far the libeller said true,
 "Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
 "Who knew no interest but their own,
 "Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
 "Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd:
 "This might be true, but if apply'd
 "To him, in troth the slanderer ly'd:
 "Since ignorance then might be mislead
 "Such things he thought were best unsaid."

55

60

65

The Crow was vex'd: as yester-morn
 He flew across the new-sown corn,
 A screaming boy was set for pay,
 He knew to drive the crows away;
 Scandal had found him out in turn,
 And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

70

The Owl arose with solemn face,
 And thus harangu'd upon the case :
 " That Magpies prate it may be true, 75
 " A Kite may be voracious too,
 " Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease ;
 " He libels not who strikes at these :
 " The slander's here—' But there are birds
 " Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words, 80
 " Blund'ers who level in the dark,
 " And always shoot beside the mark."
 " He names not me, but these are hints
 " Which manifest at whom he squints ;
 " I were indeed that blund'ring fowl 85
 " To question if he meant an owl."
 " Ye wretches hence !" the Eagle cries,
 " 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies ;
 " The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 " Secur'd by innocence from harm, 90
 " While Guilt and his associate Fear
 " Are startled at the passing air." 92

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man who seeks to win the fair
 (So custom says) must truth forbear,
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the goddess to the sky,
 For truth is hateful to her ear, 5
 A rudeness which she cannot bear.
 A rudeness! yes: I speak my thoughts,
 For Truth upbraids her with her faults.
 How, wretched Cloe! then am I
 Who love you and yet cannot lie, 10
 And still to make you less my friend
 I strive your errors to amend!
 But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he who tells you honest truth, 15
 And points to happiness your youth,

Determines by his care his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear! with greater ease
Your taste for flatt'ry I could please,
And similes in each dull line
Like glow-worms in the dark should shine.

20

What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the op'ning rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs
Enripen'd by refreshing showers?

25

Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.

The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flower resembles you,
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die and ne'er be thought of more!

30

Would you the bloom of youth should last?

35

'Tis virtue that must bind it fast,

An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve or levity,

Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art,

40

Humility enough to own

The frailties which a friend makes known,

And decent pride enough to know

The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,

45

Though youth and beauty fade away;

And time, which all things else removes

Still heightens virtue and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what intent

This blunt address to you is sent?

50

I'll spare the question, and confess

I'd praise you if I lov'd you less;

But rail, be angry, or complain,

I will be rude while you are vain.

BENEATH a Lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A Panther of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire : 60
 Where'er she mov'd a fervile crowd
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd ;
 Assemblies ev'ry week she held,
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace, 65
 And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay fantastic thing
 Encircled by the spacious ring :
 Low-bowing with important look
 As first in rank the Monkey spoke. 70

" Gad take me, madam ! but I swear
 " No angel ever look'd so fair !
 " Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
 " You were not quite divine till now !
 " Those limbs ! that shape ! and then those eyes ! 75
 " O ! close them or the gazer dies ! "

" Nay, gentle Pug ! for goodness hush ;
 " I vow and swear you make me blush :
 " I shall be angry at this rate ;
 " 'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate." 80

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
 The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
 And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
 To which the fair have vast pretence !
 Yet well he knew them always vain 85
 Of what they strive not to attain,
 And play'd so cunningly his part
 That Pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
 And burnt, for what he durst not name, 90
 Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
 Might make his meaning understood.
 Half angry at the bold address
 She frown'd, but yet she must confess

Such beauties might inflame his blood ;
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

95

The Hog her neatness much admir'd,
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd,
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

100

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke :

“ When flatt'ring Monkies fawn and prate

105

“ They justly raise contempt or hate,

“ For merit's turn'd to ridicule

“ Applauded by the grinning fool.

“ The artful Fox your wit commends,

“ To lure you to his selfish ends ;

110

“ From the vile flatt'rer turn away,

“ For knaves make friendships to betray.

“ Dismiss the train of fops and fools,

“ And learn to live by wisdom's rules.

“ Such beauties might the Lion warm

115

“ Did not your folly break the charm ;

“ For who would court that lovely shape

“ To be the rival of an Ape ?”

He said, and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd and sought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen
And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
“ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

5

ONE night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, “ Sure there never was in nature
“ So elegant so fine a creature !

10

“ All other insects that I see,
 “ The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 “ Or silkworm, with contempt I view,
 “ With all that low mechanic crew
 “ Who servilely their lives employ 15
 “ In bus’ness, enemy to joy.
 “ Mean vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
 “ For grandeur only I was born,
 “ Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 “ And plac’d on earth to live and shine: 20
 “ Those lights that sparkle so on high
 “ Are but the Glow-worms of the sky,
 “ And kings on earth their gems admire
 “ Because they imitate my fire.”
 She spoke: attentive on a spray 25
 A Nightingale forebore his lay;
 He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew directed by the glare;
 Awhile he gaz’d with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke: 30
 “ Deluded fool! with pride elate,
 “ Know ’tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
 “ Less dazzling, long thou might’st have lain
 “ Unheeded on the velvet plain.
 “ Pride soon or late degraded mourns,
 “ And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.” 36

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d’ye say? Nay then ’tis time;
 S Another year destroys your prime.
 But stay—The settlement! “ That is made.”
 Why then’s my simple girl afraid?
 Yet hold a moment if you can, 5
 And heedfully the fable scan.

THE shades were fled, the morning blush’d,
 The winds were in their caverns hush’d,

When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
 Held o'er the fields his musing gait : 10
 Behind him, thro' the greenwood shade,
 Death's meagre form the god survey'd,
 Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
 Outwent his pace and join'd his side ;
 The chat on various subjects ran, 15
 Till angry Hymen thus began :

“ Relentless death ! whose iron sway
 “ Mortals reluctant must obey,
 “ Still of thy power shall I complain,
 “ And thy too partial hand arraign ? 20
 “ When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
 “ All over stuck with equal darts,
 “ Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
 “ And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.
 “ Shall not the bloody and the bold, 25
 “ The miser hoarding up his gold,
 “ The harlot reeking from the stew,
 “ Alone thy fell revenge pursue ?
 “ But must the gentle and the kind
 “ Thy fury undistinguish'd find ?” 30

The monarch calmly thus reply'd :
 “ Weigh well the cause and then decide.
 “ That friend of your's you lately nam'd,
 “ Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;
 “ Then let the charge be justly laid : 35
 “ That idle boy neglects his trade,
 “ And hardly once in twenty years
 “ A couple to your temple bears.
 “ The wretches whom your office blends
 “ Silenus now or Plutus sends, 40
 “ Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
 “ Are common to the nuptial life.

“ Believe me, more than all mankind
 “ Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
 “ Yet cruel am I call'd and base 45
 “ Who seek the wretched to release,
 “ The captive from his bonds to free,
 “ Indissoluble but for me.

Vide Moore

Fable 4. L. 8. P. 28.



Corbould del^t

Warren sculp^t

When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait,
Behind him thro' the greenwood shade,
Death's meagre form the God survey'd.

- “ ’Tis I entice him to the yoke ;
 “ By me your crowded altars smoke ; 50
 “ For mortals boldly dare the noose.
 “ Secure that Death will set them loose.” 52

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY Cælia ; is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac’d ?
 Why must the wrapping bedgown hide
 Your snowy bosom’s swelling pride ?
 How ill that dress adorns your head, 5
 Distain’d and rumpled from the bed !
 Those clouds that shade your blooming face
 A little water might displace,
 As Nature ev’ry morn bestows
 The crystal dew to cleanse the rose ; 10
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav’d in ringlets down your back,
 Uncomb’d, and injur’d by neglect,
 Destroy the face which once they deck’d.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress ? 15
 Pray Madam, are you marry’d ? Yes.
 Nay then indeed the wonder ceases ;
 No matter now how loose your dress is :
 The end is won, your fortune’s made,
 Your sister now may take the trade. 20

Alas ; what pity ’tis to find
 This fault in half the female kind !
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that sours the wedded life.
 Beauty can only point the dart, 25
 ’Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;
 Let neatness then and beauty strive
 To keep a wav’ring flame alive.

’Tis harder far (you ’ll find it true)
 To keep the conquest than subdue : 30
 Admit us once behind the screen,
 What is there farther to be seen ?

A newer face may raise the flame,
 But ev'ry woman is the same.
 Then study chiefly to improve
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
 That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
 Pursue it still; be neater seen;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean:
 So shall you keep alive desire,
 And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

35

40

IN garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
 Apollo and the muses there.
 Thro' all the Town his praises rung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head
 The goddesses' wings pinions spread,
 And with poetic fury fir'd
 What Phoebus faintly had inspir'd.

45

50

A noble youth of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent and brought him home,

55

Behold him at the stately board,
 Who but the Poet and my Lord!
 Each day deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
 Astonish'd at the change so new
 Away th' inspiring goddesses flew

60

Now, dropt for politics and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping Muse;
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame;
 Nor tale nor sonnet for my lady,
 Lampoon nor epigram, was ready.

65

70

With just contempt his Patron saw,
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
 And thus with anger in his look
 The late-repenting fool bespoke:

“ Blind to the good that courts thee grown, 75
 “ Whence has the sun of favour shone?

“ Delighted with thy tuneful art,

“ Esteem was growing in my heart,

“ But idly thou reject'st the charm

“ That gave it birth and kept it warm.” 80

Unthinking fools alone despise

The arts that taught them first to rise.

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands the parent's voice
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
 In that is due obedience shewn;
 To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour 5
 Who builds upon a parent's power,
 And claims by purchase vile and base
 The loathing maid for his embrace!
 Hence virtue sickens, and the breast
 Where Peace had built her downy nest, 10
 Becomes the troubled seat of care,
 And pines with anguish and despair.

A WOLF, rapacious, rough, and bold,
 Whose nightly plunder thinn'd the fold,
 Contemplating his ill-spent life, 15
 And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
 His purpose known, the savage race
 In num'rous crowds attend the place,
 For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
 And held dominion in his jaws. 20
 Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
 And humbly his alliance sought;
 But cold by age, or else too nice,
 None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn
 He solitary cross'd the lawn,
 Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
 Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy dam,
 When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
 Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

25

30

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
 And trembling o'er the meadow flew ;
 Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
 And courteous thus the dam bespoke :

“ Stay, Fairest ! and suspend your fear ;
 “ Trust me no enemy is near :
 “ These jaws in slaughter oft imbru'd,
 “ At length have known enough of blood,
 “ And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
 “ Vanquish'd, at Beauty's feet to bow.
 “ You have a daughter—Sweet ! forgive
 “ A Wolf's address—in her I live ;
 “ Love from her eyes like lightning came,
 “ And set my marrow all on flame :
 “ Let your consent confirm my choice,
 “ And ratify our nuptial joys.

35

40

45

“ Me ample wealth and power attend,
 “ Wide o'er the plains my realms extend ;
 “ What midnight robber dare invade
 “ The fold if I the guard am made ?
 “ At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
 “ While I secure his master's sheep.”

50

Discourse like this attention claim'd ;
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd :
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd,
 Propos'd and doubled her demands
 Of flowry fields and turnip lands.

55

The Wolf agrees ; her bosom swells ;
 To Miss her happy fate she tells,
 And of the grand alliance vain
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

60

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
 And wearies out her dam with prayers ;

But all in vain: mamma best knew
 What inexperience'd girls should do;
 So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
 A formal ass the couple marry'd.

65

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
 The trembler goes, a victim bride,
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
 And bleats among the howling race.

70

With horror oft her eyes behold
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
 Each day a sister Lamb is serv'd,
 And at the glutton's table carv'd;
 The crashing bones he grinds for food,
 And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

75

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
 And lodges but in gentle breasts,

80

Was now no more: enjoyment past,
 The savage hunger'd for the feast;
 But (as we find in human race
 A mask conceals the villain's face)
 Justice must authorise the treat;
 Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

85

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
 The hunters met him on the way;
 Fear wings his flight, the marsh he sought,
 The snuffing dogs are set at fault.

90

His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
 Howling he grinds his empty jaws;
 Food must be had, and lamb is nigh,
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.

"Is this," (dissembling rage) he cry'd,

95

"The gentle virtue of a bride,

"That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,

"She sets her husband for the chase,

"By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound

"To scent his footsteps on the ground?

100

"Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood

"Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood."

So saying, on the Lamb he flies;

Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

104

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air :
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.

5

With what superior grace enchants
 The face which Nature's pencil paints,
 Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
 Glow with the meaning of the heart,
 Where freedom and good humour sit,
 And easy gaiety and wit !
 Though perfect beauty be not there,
 The master lines, the finish'd air,
 We catch from every look delight,
 And grow enamour'd at the sight ;
 For beauty, though we all approve,
 Excites our wonder more than love,
 While the agreeable strikes sure,
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

10

15

20

Why then, my Amoret ! this care,
 That forms you in effect less fair ?
 If Nature on your cheek bestows
 A bloom that emulates the rose,
 Or from some heavenly image drew
 A form Apelles never knew,
 Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
 And spoil by meretricious art ?
 Or had you, Nature's error, come
 Abortive from the mother's womb,
 Your forming care she still rejects,
 Which only heightens her defects.
 When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
 Still press the foremost in the crowd,
 At every public shew are seen,
 With look awry and awkward mein,

25

30

35

The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art :
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

40

A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest
Precedence claim'd above the rest,
Says she, " I laugh at human race,
" Who say Geese hobble in their pace :
" Look here! the stand'rous lie detect ;
" Not haughty man is so erect.
" That peacock, yonder, Lord ! how vain
" The creature's of his gaudy train !
" If both were stript I'd pawn my word
" A Goose would be the finer bird.
" Nature, to hide her own defects,
" Her bungled work with fin'ry decks ;
" Were Geese set off with half that show
" Would men admire the peacock ? No."

45

50

55

Thus vaunting cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks ;
The sun shot down his noontide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams ;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. " Why there," she cry'd,
" Again what arrogance we see !
" Those creatures ! how they mimic me !
" Shall every fowl the waters skim
" Because we Geese are known to swim ?
" Humility they soon shall learn,
" And their own emptiness discern."

60

65

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs,
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the Swan's stately crest assumes.

70

Contempt and mockery ensued,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

75

A Swan superior to the rest
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addrest :

“ Conceited thing ! elate with pride,

“ Thy affectation all deride ;

80

“ These airs thy awkwardness impart,

“ And shew thee plainly as thou art.

“ Among thy equals of the flock

“ Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,

“ And as thy parts to good conduce

85

“ Been deem'd an honest hobbling Goose.”

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules ;

Know fopp'ry is the pride of fools ;

And, striving nature to conceal,

You only her defects reveal.

90

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE ! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know ;
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of Nature made

5

The sexes for each others aid,

Their mutual talents to employ

To lessen ills and heighten joy.

To weaker woman he assign'd

That soft'ning gentleness of mind

10

That can by sympathy impart

Its likeness to the roughest heart,

Her eyes with magic power endu'd,

To fire the dull and awe the rude ;

His rosy fingers on her face

15

Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,

And stamp'd (perfection to display)

His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,

He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould,

20

With useful arts his mind inform'd,
 His breast with nobler passions warm'd ;
 He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
 And courage for the fair's defence :
 Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
 Demands protection from the strong ;
 To man she flies when fear alarms,
 And claims the temple of his arms.

25

By Nature's Author thus declar'd
 The woman's sov'reign and her guard,
 Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
 The weakness he was meant to aid ?
 While beauty, given to inspire
 Protecting love and soft desire,
 Lights up a wildfire in the heart,
 And to its own breast points the dart,
 Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
 To triumph over innocence ?

30

35

The wolf that tears the tim'rous sheep
 Was never set the fold to keep,
 Nor was the tiger or the pard
 Meant the benighted trav'lers guard ;
 But man, the wildest beast of prey,
 Wears friendship's semblance to betray,
 His strength against the weak employs,
 And where he should protect destroys.

40

45

PAST twelve o'clock the Watchman cry'd,
 His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd,
 The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
 The earnest of to-morrow's lie ;
 Sudden the furious winds arise,
 The jarring casement shatter'd flies,
 The doors admit a hollow sound,
 And rattling from their hinges bound,
 When Justice in a blaze of light
 Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

50

55

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
 Loose ev'ry joint and pale his look.

Not having seen her in the courts,
 Or found her mention'd in Reports,
 He ask'd with fault'ring tongue her name,
 Her errand there, and whence she came?

60

“ Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)

“ Canst thou be doubtful who I am?

65

“ Is Justice grown so strange a name?

“ Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?

“ 'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.

“ My guardian thee did I elect

“ My sacred temple to protect,

70

“ That thou and all thy venal tribe

“ Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?

“ Aloud the ruin'd client cries

“ Justice has neither ears nor eyes;

“ In foul alliance with the bar

75

“ 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,

“ And rarely issues his decree

“ But with intent to baffle me.”

She paus'd; her breast with fury burn'd;

The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:

80

“ I own the charge is justly laid,

“ And weak th' excuse that can be made;

“ Yet search the spacious globe, and see

“ If all mankind are not like me.

“ The gownman skill'd in Romish lies

85

“ By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,

“ O'er conscience rides without control,

“ And robs the man to save his soul.

“ The Doctor, with important face,

“ By sly design mistakes the case,

90

“ Prescribes, and spins out the disease

“ To trick the patient of his fees.

“ The Soldier, rough with many a scar,

“ And red with slaughter, leads the war;

“ If he a nation's trust betray

95

“ The foe has offer'd double pay.

“ When vice o'er all mankind prevails,

“ And weighty int'rest turns the scales,

“ Must I be better than the rest,
 “ And harbour Justice in my breast, 100
 “ On one side only take the fee,
 “ Content with poverty and thee?”
 “ Thou blind to sense and vile of mind!”
 “ Th’ exasperated Shade rejoin’d,
 “ If virtue from the world is flown, 105
 “ Will others’ frauds excuse thy own?
 “ For sickly souls the priest was made,
 “ Physicians for the body’s aid,
 “ The soldier guarded liberty,
 “ Man woman, and the lawyer me; 110
 “ If all are faithless to their trust,
 “ They leave not thee the less unjust.
 “ Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
 “ And bar the sanction of my name;
 “ Within your courts it shall be read 115
 “ That Justice from the Law is fled.”
 She spoke, and hid in shades her face
 Till Hardwicke sooth’d her into grace. 118

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offence alarms you now?
 I said that Delia’s fair ’tis true,
 But did I say she equall’d you?
 Can’t I another’s face commend, 5
 Or to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lowers,
 As if her merit lessen’d your’s?
 From female envy never free,
 All must be blind because you see. 10

Survey the gardens, fields and bow’rs,
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow’rs,
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows
 That vies in sweetness with the rose?
 Or where the lily’s snowy white 15
 That throws such beauties on the sight?

Yet folly is it to declare
 That these are neither sweet nor fair,
 The crystal shines with fainter rays
 Before the diamond's brighter blaze,
 And fops will say the diamond dies
 Before the lustre of your eyes;
 But I, who deal in truth, deny,
 That neither shine when you are by.

20

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
 And sweets along the air convey,
 Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale
 Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
 Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
 Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,
 Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

25

30

Shall envy then torment your breast
 If you are lovelier than the rest?
 For while I give to each her due
 By praising them I flatter you,
 And praising most I still declare
 You fairest where the rest are fair.

35

As at his board a farmer sat,
 Replenish'd by his homely treat,
 His fav'rite spaniel near him stood,
 And with his master shar'd the food;
 The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
 His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd,
 Till fated now, supine he lay,
 And snor'd the rising fumes away.

40

45

The hungry cat in turn drew near,
 And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
 Her modest worth the master knew,
 And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw;
 Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke,
 And thus with spiteful envy spoke:

50

" They only claim a right to eat
 " Who earn by services their meat:

" Me, zeal and industry inflame

55

" To scour the fields and spring the game,

“ Or, plunging in the wint’ry wave,
 “ For man the wounded bird to save.
 “ With watchful diligence I keep
 “ From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep, 60
 “ At home his midnight hours secure,
 “ And drive the robber from the door:
 “ For this his breast with kindness glows,
 “ For this his hand the food bestows;
 “ And shall thy indolence impart 65
 “ A warmer friendship to his heart,
 “ That thus he robs me of my due
 “ To pamper such vile things as you?”
 “ I own,” with meekness puls reply’d,
 “ Superior merit on your side, 70
 “ Nor does my breast with envy swell
 “ To find it recompens’d so well;
 “ Yet I, in what my nature can,
 “ Contribute to the good of man,
 “ Whose claws destroy the pilf’ring mouse? 75
 “ Who drives the vermin from the house?
 “ Or, watchful for the lab’ring swain,
 “ From lurking rats secures the grain?
 “ From hence if he rewards bestow
 “ Why should your heart with gall o’erflow? 80
 “ Why pine my happiness to see,
 “ Since there’s enough for you and me?”
 “ Thy words are just,” the farmer cry’d,
 And spurn’d the snarler from his side. 84

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND BEE.

THE nymph who walks the public streets,
 And sets her cap at all she meets,
 May catch the fool who turns to stare,
 But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood 5
 With filken line my Lydia stood,
 I smil’d to see the pains you took
 To cover o’er the fraudulent hook.

Along the forest as we stray'd,
 You saw the boy his limetwigs spread;
 Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
 Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
 Far as behind the bush we lay
 The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

10

Needs there such caution to delude
 The scaly fry and feather'd brood?
 And think you with inferior art
 To captivate the human heart?

15

The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties, while she hides reveals;
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
 From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade
 All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
 Which evermore delighted dwells
 On what the bashful nymph conceals.

20

25

When Cælia struts in man's attire
 She shews too much to raise desire,
 But from the hoop's bewitching round
 Her very shoe has power to wound.

30

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
 The forward laugh, the wanton air,
 May catch the fop, for gudgeons strike
 At the bare hook and bait alike,
 While salmons play regardless by,
 Till art like nature forms the fly.

35

BENEATH a peasant's homely thatch,
 A spider long had held her watch;
 From morn to night with restless care
 She spun her web and wove her snare.
 Within the limits of her reign
 Lay many a heedless captive slain,
 Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,
 To burst the chains and shun her wiles.

40

A straying bee, that perch'd hard by,
 Beheld her with disdainful eye,

45

And thus began: "Mean thing! give o'er,
 "And lay thy slender threads no more;
 "A thoughtless fly or two at most
 "Is all the conquest thou canst boast, 50
 "For bees of sense thy arts evade,
 "We see so plain the nets are laid.
 "The gaudy tulip that displays
 "Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
 "That points her charms at all she sees, 55
 "And yields to every wanton breeze,
 "Attracts not me: where blushing grows
 "Guarded with thorns the modest rose
 "Enamour'd round and round I fly,
 "Or on her fragrant bosom lie; 60
 "Reluctant she my ardour meets,
 "And bashful renders up her sweets.
 "To wiser heads attention lend,
 "And learn this lesson from a friend;
 "She who with modesty retires 65
 "Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
 "While such incautious jilts as you
 "By folly your own schemes undo." 68

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

TIS true I blame your lover's choice
 Tho' flatter'd by the public voice,
 And peevish grow and sick to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!
 I listen not to wild delights 5
 And transports of expected nights:
 What is to me your hoard of charms,
 The whiteness of your neck and arms?
 Needs there no acquisition more
 To keep contention from the door? 10
 Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find
 All beauty cloyed but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove
 The surest cords to fasten love;

Yet Phillis, simplest of your sex!
 You never think but to perplex,
 Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
 That struts abroad in human shape;
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
 But that it stings your lover's breast;
 To-morrow you resign the sway,
 Prepar'd to honour and obey,
 The tyrant-mistress change for life
 To the submission of a wife.

15

20

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
 And learn instruction from a friend.

25

Reluctant hear the first address,
 Think often ere you answer yes,
 But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
 And wear your wishes in your eyes:
 With caution ev'ry look forbear
 That might create one jealous fear,
 A lover's ripening hopes confound,
 Or give the generous breast a wound;
 Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
 Nor use your power, unless to please,
 For fools alone with rigour sway,
 When, soon or late, they must obey.

30

35

THE king of brutes, in life's decline,
 Resolv'd dominion to resign;
 The beasts were summon'd to appear
 And bend before the royal heir:
 They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
 Before their future monarch bow'd.

40

A dapper monkey, pert and vain,
 Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train:

45

“Why cringe, my friends! with slavish awe
 “Before this pageant king of straw?
 “Shall we anticipate the hour,
 “And, ere we feel it, own his power?
 “The counsels of experience prize;
 “I know the maxims of the wise:

50

" Subjection let us cast away,
 " And live the monarchs of to-day ;
 " 'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
 " And play the tyrant each in turn :
 " So shall we right from wrong discern,
 " And mercy from oppression learn.
 " At others' woes be taught to melt,
 " And loath the ills himself has felt."

60

He spoke ; his bosom swell'd with pride ;
 The youthful lion thus reply'd :

" What madness prompts thee to provoke
 " My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke ?
 " Thou wretched fool ! can wrongs impart
 " Compassion to the feeling heart,
 " Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
 " The hand to give, or eye to flow ?
 " Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
 " From women thou hast drawn thy rules ;
 " To them return ; in such a cause,
 " From only such expect applause :
 " The partial sex I not condemn,
 " For liking those who copy them.

65

70

" Wouldst thou the gen'rous lion bind ?
 " By kindness bribe him to be kind :
 " Good offices their likeness get,
 " And payment lesses not the debt :
 " With multiplying hand he gives
 " The good from others he receives,
 " Or for the bad makes fair return,
 " And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn."

75

80

82

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
 Why so averse, so coy to man ?
 Did Nature, lavish of her care,
 From her best pattern form you fair
 That you, ungrateful to her cause,
 Should mock her gifts and spurn her laws,

5

And miser-like withhold that store
Which, by imparting, blesses more?

Beauty's a gift by heaven assign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands,
And tho' by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.

10

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal,
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms,
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty once possess'd,
How will you curse that stubborn pride
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind
Left sense and happiness behind?

15

20

25

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.

30

A COLT, for blood and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride and check'd his will,
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats or sooth'd with prayer;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

35

40

Where'er luxuriant Nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,

Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

45

In plenty thus the summer past,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows infest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold nipping winds and rattling hail
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.

50

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliverance near;
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat:
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

55

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls: along the road
His back must bear the pond'rous load:
In vain he struggles or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough he breaks the soil,
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

60

65

70

75

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent:
“Wretch that I am!” he, sighing, said,
“By arrogance and folly led,
“Had but my restive youth been brought
“To learn the lesson nature taught,
“Then had I, like my fires of yore,
“The prize from ev'ry courser bore,

80

" While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
 " And females crown'd my latter days :
 " Now lasting servitude's my lot,
 " My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot :
 " Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear,
 " A living death from year to year.

85

90

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the mistress' humour right,
 See if her maids are clean and tight ;
 If Betty waits without her stays,
 She copies but her lady's ways :
 When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
 And drops no curtsy going out,
 Depend upon't mamma is one
 Who reads or drinks too much alone.

5

If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
 She feels enthusiastic rage,
 And burns with ardour to inherit
 The gifts and workings of the spirit :
 If learning crack her giddy brains,
 No remedy but death remains.

10

Sum up the various ills of life
 And all are sweet to such a wife.
 At home superior wit she vaunts,
 And twits her husband with his wants ;
 Her ragged offspring all around,
 Like pigs are wallowing on the ground ;
 Impatient ever of control,
 She knows no order but of foul ;
 With books her litter'd floor is spread,
 Of nameless authors, never read,
 Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
 Fill up the intermediate space.

15

20

25

Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
 Is never still, and always wrong ;
 All meanings she defines away,
 And stands with truth and sense at bay

30

If e'er she meets a gentle heart
 Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
 Who makes her family her care,
 And builds contentment's temple there,
 She starts at such mistakes in nature, 35
 And cries, "Lord help us! what a creature!"
 Melissa, if the moral strike,
 You'll find the fable not unlike.

AN owl puff'd up with self-conceit,
 Lov'd learning better than his meat: 40
 Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
 And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;
 At pastry cooks was known to ply,
 And strip for science ev'ry pie.
 For modern poetry and wit, 45
 He had read all that Blackmore writ;
 So intimate with Curl was grown,
 His learned treasures were his own,
 To all his authors had access,
 And sometimes would correct the press: 50
 In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
 You'd swear him fellow of a college;
 Alike to ev'ry art and science
 His daring genius bids defiance,
 And swallow'd wisdom with that haste, 55
 That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
 One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
 Hard by upon a leafy spray
 A nightingale began his lay; 60
 Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
 And screeching interrupts his song.

"Pert busy thing! thy airs give o'er,
 "And let my contemplation soar.
 "What is the music of thy voice 65
 "But jarring dissonance and noise?
 "Be wise: true harmony thou'lt find
 "Not in the throat but in the mind,

- " By empty chirping not attain'd,
 " But by laborious study gain'd. 70
 " Go read the authors Pope explodes,
 " Fathom the depth of Cibber's Odes,
 " With modern plays improve thy wit,
 " Read all the learning Henly writ,
 " And if thou needs must sing, sing then, 75
 " And emulate the ways of men :
 " So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
 " And bring improvement to thy kind."
 " Thou wretch !" the little warbler cry'd,
 " Made up of ignorance and pride, 80
 " Ask all the birds, and they'll declare
 " A greater blockhead wings not air.
 " Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan ;
 " Science was only meant for man.
 " No useless authors me molest, 85
 " I mind the duties of my nest,
 " With careful wing protect my young,
 " And cheer their ev'nings with a song.
 " Thus following nature and her laws,
 " From men and birds I claim applause, 90
 " While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
 " An owl is scorn'd alike by both." 92

FABLE XIV.*

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
 Upon an April's blithsome day,
 When pleasure, ever on the wing,
 Return'd companion of the spring,
 And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat, 5
 Instructing little hearts to beat,
 A sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
 Of bold address and flippant tongue,
 Just left his lady of a night,
 Like him to follow new delight. 10

The youth of many a conquest vain,
 Flew off to seek the chirping train,

* This and the three following fables were written by Henry Brooke, Esq.

The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For ev'ry she his bosom burns, 15
And this and that he wooes by turns;
And here a sigh and there a bill,
And here—"Those eyes, so form'd to kill!"
And now with ready tongue he strings
Unmeaning soft resistless things, 20
With vows and Demmes skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do:

Not that he thought this short essay,
A prologue needful for his play;
No: trust me, says our learned letter, 25
He knew the virtuous sex much better;
But these he held as specious arts
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield. 30

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of the day,
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear,
A hint which, like the Mason's sign, 35
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd "Sir—pray! Sir, explain your meaning—
"Go prate to those that may endure ye—
"To me this rudeness—I'll assure ye—" 40
Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The Parson's barn, as authors mention, 45
Confess'd the fair had apprehension:
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious on the joy. 50

"Hist, love!" the male companion cry'd,
"Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd."

Nor was the caution vain ; he saw
 A turtle rustling in the straw,
 While o'er her callow brood she hung,
 And fondly thus address'd her young :

55

“ Ye tender objects of my care !
 “ Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair !
 “ Anon he comes, your gentle fire,
 “ And brings you all your hearts require.
 “ For us, his infants and his bride,
 “ For us, with only love to guide,
 “ Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
 “ And like a lion dares to bleed :
 “ Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
 “ He mounts upon the rudest wind,
 “ From danger tears the vital spoil,
 “ And with affection sweetens toil.
 “ Ah cease, too vent'rous ! cease to dare ;
 “ In thine our dearer safety spare !
 “ From him, ye cruel falcons ! stray,
 “ And turn, ye fowlers ! far away.

60

65

“ Should I survive to see the day
 “ That tears me from myself away,
 “ That cancels all that heav'n could give,
 “ The life by which alone I live,
 “ Alas ! how more than lost were I,
 “ Who in the thought already die !

70

75

“ Ye pow'rs ! whom men and birds obey,
 “ Great rulers of your creatures ! say
 “ Why mourning comes by bliss convey'd,
 “ And e'en the sweets of love allay'd ?
 “ Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair
 “ Around it twines entangling care,
 “ While fear for what our souls possess
 “ Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless ;
 “ Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
 “ And life ! what art thou without love ?”

80

85

Our hero, who had heard apart,
 Felt something moving in his heart,
 But quickly with disdain suppress'd
 The virtue rising in his breast,

90

And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,

And next approaching smil'd and bow'd.

"Madam, you must not think me rude, 95

"Good manners never can intrude;

"I vow I come through pure good nature—

"(Upon my soul a charming creature)

"Are these the comforts of a wife?

"This careful cloister'd moping life? 100

"No doubt that odious thing call'd duty

"Is a sweet province for a beauty.

"Thou pretty Ignorance! thy will

"Is measur'd to thy want of skill;

"That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother, 105

"Has taught thy infant years no other.

"The greatest ill in the creation

"Is sure the want of education.

"But think ye—tell me without feigning,

"Have all these charms no farther meaning? 110

"Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,

"Might teach your ladyship much better.

"For shame! reject this mean employment;

"Enter the world and taste enjoyment,

"Where time by circling bliss we measure; 115

"Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:

"Come, prove the blessing; follow me:

"Bewise, be happy, and be free."

"Kind Sir!" reply'd our matron chaste,

"Your zeal seems pretty much in haste. 120

"I own the fondness to be blest

"Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;

"Of blessings too I have my store,

"Yet quarrel not should heav'n give more;

"Then prove the change to be expedient, 125

"And think me Sir your most obedient."

Here turning as to one inferior,

Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.

"Methinks to quit your boasted station

"Requires a world of hesitation: 130

"Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,

"The case I doubt is past redressing,

- " Why, child ! suppose the joys I mention
 " Were the mere fruits of my invention,
 " You've cause sufficient for your carriage, 135
 " In flying from the curse of marriage ;
 " That fly decoy with vary'd snares
 " That takes young widgeons in by pairs.
 " Alike to husband and to wife
 " The cure of love and bane of life ; 140
 " The only method of forecasting
 " To make misfortune firm and lasting ;
 " The sin by heav'n's peculiar sentence
 " Unpardon'd through a life's repentance !
 " It is the double snake, that weds 145
 " A common tail to diff'rent heads,
 " That leads the carcase still astray,
 " By dragging each a diff'rent way ;
 " Of all the ills that may attend me,
 " From marriage, mighty gods ! defend me. 150
 " Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
 " And boundless track of air serene,
 " Where fancy ever wing'd for change,
 " Delights to sport, delights to range ;
 " There liberty ! to thee is owing 155
 " Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing ;
 " Delights still vary'd and divine,
 " Sweet goddess of the hills ! are thine.
 " What say you now, you pretty pink you !
 " Have I for once spoke reason think you ? 160
 " You take me now for no romancer—
 " Come, never study for an answer :
 " Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
 " And fly where joy alone can find ye."
 " Soft yet," return'd our female fencer, 165
 " A question more or so—and then Sir.
 " You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
 " With much fine wit, and better breeding ;
 " But pray Sir, how do you contrive it ?
 " Do those of your world never wive it ?" 170
 " No, no." " How then ?" " Why, dare I tell ;
 " What does the bus'ness full as well."

- " Do you ne'er love ?" " An hour at leisure."
 " Have you no friendships ?" " Yes, for pleasure."
 " No care for little ones ?" " We get 'em ; 175
 " The rest the mother's mind, and let 'em."
 " Thou wretch ! rejoin'd the kindling dove,
 " Quite lost to life as lost to love,
 " Whene'er misfortune comes how just !
 " And come misfortune surely must : 180
 " In the dread season of dismay,
 " In that your hour of trial, say
 " Who then shall prop your sinking heart,
 " Who bear affliction's weightier part ?
 " Say, when the blackbrow'd welkin bends, 185
 " And winter's gloomy form impends,
 " To mourning turns all transient cheer,
 " And blasts the melancholy year,
 " For times at no persuasion stay,
 " Nor vice can find perpetual May, 190
 " Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
 " That soul of pertness whither fled ?
 " All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
 " Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest,
 " No friend, by cordial bonds ally'd, 195
 " Shall seek thy cold unsocial side,
 " No chirping prattlers to delight
 " Shall turn the long-enduring night,
 " No bride her words of balm impart,
 " And warm thee at her constant heart. 200
 " Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
 " Is as the sun's unvarying course,
 " Benignly active, sweetly bright,
 " Affording warmth, affording light,
 " But torn from virtue's sacred rules, 205
 " Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
 " Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
 " And fraught with all the plagues of life.
 " Thou fool ! by union ev'ry creature
 " Subsists through universal nature, 210
 " And this to beings void of mind
 " Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

- “ While womb’d in space, primeval clay
“ A yet unfashion’d embryo lay,
“ The source of endless good above 215
“ Shot down his spark of kindling love ;
“ Touch’d by the all enliv’ning flame
“ Then motion first exulting came,
“ Each atom fought its sep’rate class,
“ Through many a fair enamour’d mass ; 220
“ Love cast the central charm around,
“ And with eternal nuptials bound :
“ Then form and order o’er the sky,
“ First train’d their bridal pomp on high,
“ The sun display’d his orb to fight, 225
“ And burnt with hymeneal light.
“ Hence nature’s virgin-womb conceiv’d,
“ And with the genial burden heav’d ;
“ Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
“ And scal’d the breathing steep of air ; 230
“ Then infant stems of various use
“ Inbib’d her soft maternal juice ;
“ The flower’s in early bloom disclos’d,
“ Upon her fragrant breast repos’d ;
“ Within her warm embraces grew 235
“ A race of endless form and hue ;
“ Then pour’d her lesser offspring round,
“ And fondly cloth’d her parent ground.
“ Nor here alone the virtue reign’d,
“ By matter’s cumb’ring form detain’d ; 240
“ But thence subliming and refin’d,
“ Aspir’d, and reach’d its kindred mind ;
“ Caught in the fond celestial fire,
“ The mind perceiv’d unknown desire,
“ And now with kind effusion flow’d, 245
“ And now with cordial ardour glow’d,
“ Beheld the sympathetic fair,
“ And lov’d its own resemblance there,
“ On all with circling radiance shone,
“ But cent’ring fix’d on one alone, 250
“ There clasp’d the heav’n-appointed wife,
“ And doubled every joy of life.

“ Here ever blessing, ever blest,
“ Resides this beauty of the breast,
“ As from his palace here the god, 255
“ Still beams effulgent blifs abroad,
“ Here gems his own eternal round,
“ The ring by which the world is bound,
“ Here bids his seat of empire grow,
“ And builds his little heav’n below. 260
“ The bridal partners thus ally’d,
“ And thus in sweet accordance ty’d,
“ One body, heart, and spirit, live,
“ Enrich’d by ev’ry joy they give,
“ Like Echo from her vocal hold, 265
“ Return’d in music twenty fold ;
“ Their union firm and undecay’d,
“ Nor time can shake nor pow’r invade,
“ But as the stem and scion stand,
“ Ingrafted by a skilful hand, 270
“ They check the tempest’s wintry rage,
“ And bloom and strengthen into age ;
“ A thousand amities unknown,
“ And pow’rs perceiv’d by love alone,
“ Edearing looks and chaste desire, 275
“ Fan and support the mutual fire,
“ Whose flame, perpetual as refin’d,
“ Is fed by an immortal mind.
“ Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
“ Like Nile it opens and descends, 280
“ Which, by apparent windings led,
“ We trace to its celestial head.
“ The fire first springing from above,
“ Becomes the source of life and love,
“ And gives his filial heir to flow, 285
“ In fondness down on sons below :
“ Thus roll’d in one continu’d tide,
“ To time’s extremest verge they glide,
“ While kindred streams, on either hand,
“ Branch forth in blessings o’er the land. 290
“ Thee, wretch ! no lisping babe shall name,
“ No late-returning brother claim,

- " No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
 " No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,
 " With partial eyes no parents see, 295
 " And bless their years restor'd in thee.
 " In age rejected, or declin'd,
 " An alien e'en among thy kind,
 " The partner of thy scorn'd embrace,
 " Shall play the wanton in thy face, 300
 " Each spark unplume thy little pride,
 " All friendship fly thy faithless side,
 " Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
 " In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.
 " All-giving pow'r! great source of life! 305
 " O hear the parent! hear the wife!
 " That life thou lendest from above,
 " Though little, make it large in love;
 " O bid my feeling heart expand,
 " To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand! 310
 " To those from whom my days I drew,
 " To these in whom those days renew,
 " To all my kin, however wide,
 " In cordial warmth as blood ally'd,
 " To friends, with steely fetters twin'd, 315
 " And to the cruel not unkind!
 " But chief, the lord of my desire,
 " My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
 " Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
 " Chaste passion clasp and rapture name, 320
 " O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
 " O give him to my latest hour!
 " Let me my length of life employ,
 " To give my sole enjoyment joy,
 " His love let mutual love excite, 325
 " Turn all my cares to his delight,
 " And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
 " Wherein my darling wants a share?
 " When he with graceful action wooes,
 " And sweetly bills and fondly cooes, 330
 " Ah! deck me to his eyes alone,
 " With charms attractive as his own,

“ And in my circling wings carest,
 “ Give all the lover to my breast;
 “ Then in our chaste connubial bed,
 “ My bosom pillow’d for his head,
 “ His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
 “ And watch with me my lord’s repose,
 “ Your peace around his temples twine,
 “ And love him with a love like mine!
 “ And, for I know his gen’rous flame,
 “ Beyond whate’er my sex can claim,
 “ Me too to your protection take,
 “ And spare me for my husband’s sake.
 “ Let one unruffled calm delight,
 “ The loving and belov’d unite,
 “ One pure desire our bosoms warm,
 “ One will direct, one wish inform,
 “ Through life one mutual aid sustain,
 “ In death one peaceful grave contain.”

335

340

345

350

While, swelling with the darling theme,
 Her accents pour’d an endless stream,
 The well-known wings a sound impart,
 That reach’d her ear and touch’d her heart;
 Quick dropt the music of her tongue,
 And forth with eager joy she sprung;
 As swift her ent’ring consort flew,
 And plum’d and kindled at the view?
 Their wings their souls embracing meet,
 Their hearts with answering measure beat,
 Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest
 With raptures felt but ne’er express’d.

355

360

Straight to her humble roof she led
 The partner of her spotless bed;
 Her young, a flutt’ring pair, arise,
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
 Transported to their fire they bound,
 And hang with speechless action round:
 In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,
 And see their little wings expand;
 The fire his life-sustaining prize
 To each expecting bill applies,

365

370

There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n, though won with toil,
 While all collected at the sight,
 And silent through supreme delight,
 The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord and infants smiles.

375

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
 Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
 Of all his little sleights disarm'd,
 And from himself by virtue charm'd,
 When now he saw what only seem'd
 A fact so late a fable deem'd,
 His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind,
 In secret wish'd a turtle too,
 And sighing to himself withdrew.

380

385

388

FABLE XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life :
 Unhappy sex ! who only claim
 A being in the breath of Fame,
 Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

5

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
 But woman no redemption knows ;
 The wounds of honour never close !

10

Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,
 In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
 Her swifter folly flies before,

15

20

The circling ports against her close,
 And shut the wand'rer from repose,
 Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
 Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
 For but a single error? None.

25

Though woman is avow'd of old
 No daughter of celestial mould,
 Her temp'ring not without allay,
 And form'd but of the finer clay,
 We challenge from the mortal dame
 The strength angelic natures claim;
 Nay more, for sacred stories tell
 That e'en immortal angels fell.

30

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
 Of humid earth and ambient air,
 With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall and rise renew'd.

35

The stars no fix'd duration know,
 Wide oceans ebb again to flow,
 The moon repletes her waning face,
 All beauteous from her late disgrace,
 And suns that mourn approaching night
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.

40

In vain may death and time subdue,
 While nature mints her race anew,
 And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue hid in ev'ry heart;

45

'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
 To clothe a naked world in green;
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
 Again the gates of life unfold,
 Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring,
 Again from ev'ry latent root

50

The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
 Exhaling incense to the skies,
 Again to perish and to rise.

55

And must weak woman then disown
 The change to which a world is prone?

60

In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er, like ev'ning suns, decline,
 Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
 What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
 In some unguarded hour expire,
 Or should the nightly thief invade
 Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
 Of all the blooming spoil possess,
 The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
 Shall virtue's flame no more return,
 No more with virgin splendour burn,
 No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom?—No :
 Pity may mourn but not restore,
 And woman falls to rise no more.

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies—no matter where,
 The clime may readily be found
 By all who tread poetic ground :
 A stream call'd life across it glides,
 And equally the land divides,
 And here of vice the province lies,
 And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for prospect as repose ;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
 And temp'rance and religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
 Confess'd the honours of their line,
 But in a little daughter fair
 Was centred more than half their care,
 For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
 Gave signs of future joy to earth :
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
 (A flow'r just op'ning to the view) 100
 Oft' through her native land she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd, 105
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And nature yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen, 110
 Her parents up the mountain's head
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd:

“ O joyful cause of many a care! 115

“ O daughter too divinely fair!

“ Yon world on this important day

“ Demands thee to a dang'rous way;

“ A painful journey all must go,

“ Whose doubtful period none can know, 120

“ Whose due direction who can find

“ Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?

“ Ah, what unequal leaders these

“ Through such a wide perplexing maze!

“ Then mark the warnings of the wise, 125

“ And learn what love and years advise.

“ Far to the right thy prospect bend,

“ Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;

“ Lo! there the arduous paths in view

“ Which virtue and her sons pursue, 130

“ With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,

“ And gain and gain upon the skies:

“ Narrow's the way her children tread,

“ No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,

“ But rough, and difficult, and steep, 135

“ Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

“ Fruits immature those lands dispense,

“ A food indelicate to sense,

- “ Of taste unpleasant ; yet to those
“ Pure health with cheerful vigour flows, 140
“ And strength unfeeling of decay
“ Throughout the long laborious way.
“ Hence as they scale that heav’nly road,
“ Each limb is lighten’d of its load,
“ From earth refining still they go, 145
“ And leave the mortal weight below,
“ Then spreads the straight, the doubtful clears,
“ And smooth the rugged path appears,
“ For custom turns fatigue to ease,
“ And taught by virtue pain can please. 150
“ At length the toilsome journey o’er,
“ And near the bright celestial shore,
“ A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
“ Appears, of either world the bound,
“ Through darkness leading up to light, 155
“ Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight ;
“ For there the transitory train
“ Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
“ And matter’s gross incum’bring mass,
“ Man’s late associates, cannot pass, 160
“ But sinking, quit th’ immortal charge,
“ And leave the wond’ring soul at large,
“ Lightly she wings her obvious way,
“ And mingles with eternal day.
“ Thither, O thither wing thy speed, 165
“ Though pleasure charm, or pain impede !
“ To such th’ all-bounteous pow’r has giv’n,
“ For present earth a future heav’n ;
“ For trivial loss unmeasur’d gain,
“ And endless bliss for transient pain. 170
“ Then fear, ah ! fear to turn thy sight
“ Where yonder flow’ry fields invite ;
“ Wide on the left the pathway bends,
“ And with pernicious ease descends ;
“ There sweet to sense and fair to show 175
“ New-planted Edens seem to blow,
“ Trees that delicious poison bear,
“ For death is vegetable there.

" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
 " Each sinew slack'ning at the taste, 180
 " The soul to passion yields her throne,
 " And sees with organs not her own ;
 " While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
 " Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
 " Before her alienated eyes 185
 " The scenes of Fairyland arise,
 " The puppet world's amusing show
 " Dipp'd in the gaily colour'd bow,
 " Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
 " The toys of infants and of kings, 190
 " That tempt along the baneful plain
 " The idly wise and lightly vain,
 " Till, verging on the gulfy shore,
 " Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
 " But list to what thy fates declare : 195
 " Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
 " If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 " Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
 " For thee, lost maid ! for thee alone
 " Nor pray'rs shall plead nor tears atone ; 200
 " Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
 " On thy returning steps shall wait,
 " Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
 " And every foot thy presence fly."

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound, 205
 Like guardian angels plac'd around,
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer past.
 Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
 Like morn, forerunning radiance went, 210
 While honour, handmaid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,
 Gaz'd with an ever-new delight, 215
 And caught fresh virtue's at the sight ;
 For not of earth's unequal frame
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,

If matter fure the most refin'd,
High wrought and temper'd into mind, 210
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess, 225
Her steps pursuing praises bless,
While to the elevated maid
Oblations as to heav'n are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May, 230
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New-melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes
And looks kind things from chafest eyes,
The sun with healthier visage glows, 235
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee. 240

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey, 245
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe
To see a world so lost below,
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath, 250
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd, 255
The very triumph of the bless'd:
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:

" Hither, fairest ! hither haste,
 " Brightest beauty ! come and taste 260
 " What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
 " Joys too mighty to be told ;
 " Taste what ecstasies they give,
 " Dying raptures taste, and live.
 " In thy lap, disdaining measure, 265
 " Nature empties all her treasure,
 " Soft desires that sweetly languish,
 " Fierce delights that rise to anguish.
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest beauty ! come away. 270
 " List not when the froward chide,
 " Sons of pedantry and pride ;
 " Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
 " April sunshine is offence ;
 " Age and envy will advise 275
 " E'en against the joy they prize.
 " Come, in pleasures balmy bowl
 " Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 " Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 " With enjoyment past the painting. 280
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest beauty ! come away."
 So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And O for that preventing chain 285
 That bound Ulysses on the main !
 That so our fair one might withstand
 The covert ruin now at hand.
 The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view : 290
 Curiosity with prying eyes
 And hands of busy bold emprise ;
 Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,
 And like forerunning fancy fleet :
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd, 295
 To novelty she still aspir'd,
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
 And but in expectation blest.

With her associate pleasure came,
 Gay pleasure, frolic-loving dame !
 Her mien all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties half reveal'd to sight,
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing winds around :

300

As erst Medusa's looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone,

305

A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of pleasure melt :
 Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd,
 No safety e'en the flying find,
 Who vent'rous look but once behind.

10

Thus was the much-admiring maid
 While distant, more than half betray'd.
 With smiles and adulation bland,
 They join'd her side and seiz'd her hand :
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
 While half consenting, half denying,
 Reluctant now, and now complying,
 Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down and down the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

315

320

As when some stately vessel, bound
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dangerous sand,
 The pilot warns with sail and oar,
 To shun the much suspected shore,
 In vain ; the tide too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight :

325

330

335

So baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,

Along the devious smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames accustom'd to subdue
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long-reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye Fair Ones! and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there,
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;
 Till then with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,

With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more!
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
 But o'er her failing cast the veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all inquiring light
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with flumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away,
 He, borne where golden Indus streams
 Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams,
 Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
 But wakens, naked and despoil'd
 Of that for which his years had toil'd:

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd like Niobe to stone;
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd all destroy'd:

And, "O thou curs'd insidious coast!
 "Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
 "These Virtue! these the joys they find
 "Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?"

"Shade me ye pines ! ye caverns ! hide,
"Ye mountains cover me," she cry'd.

380

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky ;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A fidelberg viper, to her heart ;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace ;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

385

390

What should she do ? attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore ?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

395

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd,
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left a host of friends,
Alas ! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine ;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.

400

405

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile Clamour giv'n,
And from the face of Friendship driv'n,
The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around,

410

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant fat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine,

415

Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below ;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light!

420

Whom should Mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of Frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And Nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a newborn phoenix, die.

425

430

Hence unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made,

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye
Attentive from her station high
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair,
And with a voice whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still ;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung :

435

440

445

“ Lovely Penitent ! arise,
“ Come and claim thy kindred skies ;
“ Come, thy sister angles say
“ Thou hast wept thy stains away.

450

“ Let experience now decide
“ 'Twixt the good and evil try'd :
“ In the smooth enchanted ground
“ Say, unfold the treasures found,
“ Structures rais'd by morning dreams,
“ Sands that trip the flitting streams,
“ Down that anchors on the air,
“ Clouds that paint their changes there ;

455

- “ Seas that smoothly dimpling lie
“ While the storm impends on high, 460
“ Showing in an obvious glass
“ Joys that in possession pass :
“ Transient, fickle, light and gay,
“ Flatt’ring only to betray,
“ What, alas ! can life contain ? 465
“ Life like all its circles vain !
“ Will the stork, intending rest,
“ On the billow build her nest ?
“ Will the bee demand his store
“ From the bleak and bladeless shore ? 470
“ Man alone, intent to stray,
“ Ever turns from Wisdom’s way,
“ Lays up wealth in foreign land,
“ Sows the sea and ploughs the sand.
“ Soon this elemental mass, 375
“ Soon th’ incumb’ring world, shall pass,
“ Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
“ Time be spent, and life expire.
“ Then, ye boasted works of men !
“ Where is your asylum then ? 480
“ Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
“ Tell me, mortals ! tell me where ?
“ Gone like traces of the deep,
“ Like a sceptre grasp’d in sleep,
“ Dews exhal’d from morning glades, 485
“ Melting snows and gliding shades.
“ Pass the world, and what’s behind ?
“ Virtue’s gold by fire refin’d,
“ From an universe deprav’d,
“ From the wreck of Nature sav’d ; 490
“ Like the life supporting grain,
“ Fruit of patience and of pain,
“ On the swain’s autumnal day
“ Winnow’d from the chaff away.
“ Little Trembler ! fear no more, 495
“ Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
“ Seed by genial sorrows sown,
“ More than all thy scorers own.

- " What tho' hostile earth despise?
 " Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
 " Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide.
 " Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.
 " When the fatal trump shall sound,
 " When th' immortals pour around,
 " Heav'n shall thy return attest,
 " Hail'd by myriads of the blest.
 " Little native of the skies,
 " Lovely Penitent arise;
 " Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
 " Virtue is thy sister now.
 " More delightful are my woes
 " Than the rapture pleasure knows,
 " Richer far the weeds I bring
 " Than the robes that grace a king.
 " On my wars of shortest date
 " Crowns of endless triumph wait,
 " On my cares a period blest,
 " On my toils eternal rest.
 " Come, with Virtue at thy side,
 " Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
 " Till we gain our native shore:
 " Sister come, and turn no more."

510

515

520

522

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
 The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
 Up with the sun, from short repose
 Gay Health and lusty Labour rose,
 The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale,
 When Love, who led a rural life,
 Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
 Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

5

10

Anymp, who lightly tripp'd it by,
 To quick attention turn'd his eye;

He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
 Her self-sufficient grace and air,
 Her steps, that mincing meant to please, 15
 Her study'd negligence and ease,
 And, curious to enquire what meant
 This thing of prettiness and paint,
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
 The lady slightly, Sir, your servant. 20

"Such beauty in so rude a place!
 "Fair one, you do the country grace!
 "At court no doubt the public care;
 "But Love has small acquaintance there."
 "Yes, Sir," reply'd the flutt'ring dame, 25
 "This form confesses whence it came;
 "But dear variety, you know,
 "Can make us pride and pomp forego.
 "My name is Vanity; I sway
 "The utmost islands of the sea; 30
 "Within my court all honour centres;
 "I raise the meanest soul that enters,
 "Endow with latent gifts and graces,
 "And model fools for posts and places.
 "As Vanity appoints, at pleasure, 35
 "The world receives its weight and measure;
 "Hence all the grand concerns of life,
 "Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.
 "Reflect how far my pow'r prevails
 "When I step in where nature fails, 40
 "And, ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
 "Am bounteous still where heav'n is sparing.
 "But chief in all their arts and airs,
 "Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
 "Their various habits and complexions, 45
 "Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
 "Their robing, curling, and adorning,
 "From noon to night, from night to morning,
 "From six to sixty, sick or sound,
 "I rule the female world around." 50
 "Hold there a moment," Cupid cry'd,
 "Nor boast dominion quite so wide;

“ Was there no province to invade
 “ But that by Love and Meekness sway’d?
 “ All other empire I resign,
 “ But be the sphere of Beauty mine:
 “ For in the downy lawn of rest,
 “ That opens on a woman’s breast,
 “ Attended by my peaceful train,
 “ I chuse to live and chuse to reign. 55
 “ Far-sighted Faith I bring along,
 “ And Truth, above an army strong,
 “ And Chastity, of icy mould,
 “ Within the burning tropicks cold,
 “ And Lowliness, to whose mild brow 65
 “ The pow’r and pride of nations bow,
 “ And Modesty, with downcast eye,
 “ That lends the Morn her virgin dye,
 “ And Innocence, array’d in light,
 “ And Honour, as a tow’r upright, 70
 “ With sweetly winning Graces more
 “ Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
 “ In unaffected conduct free,
 “ All smiling sisters three times three,
 “ And rosy Peace, the cherub blest, 75
 “ That nightly sings us all to rest.
 “ Hence from the bud of Nature’s prime,
 “ From the first step of infant Time,
 “ Woman, the world’s appointed light,
 “ Has skirted ev’ry shade with white, 80
 “ Has stood for imitation high,
 “ To ev’ry heart and ev’ry eye,
 “ From ancient deeds of fair renown,
 “ Has brought her bright memorials down,
 “ To Time affix’d perpetual youth, 85
 “ And form’d each tale of love and truth.
 “ Upon a new Promethean plan
 “ She moulds the essence of a man,
 “ Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
 “ And as a better soul inspires. 90
 “ The rude she softens, warms the cold,
 “ Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,

" Calls Sloth from his supine repose,
 " Within the coward's bosom glows,
 " Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest, 95
 " Bids bashful Merit stand confest,
 " And, like coarse metal from the mines,
 " Collects, irradiates, and refines.
 " The gentle science she imparts,
 " All manners smooths, informs all hearts; 100
 " From her sweet influence are felt
 " Passions that please and thoughts that melt;
 " To stormy rage she bids control,
 " And sinks serenely on the soul,
 " Softens Deucalion's flinty race, 105
 " And tunes the warring world to peace.
 " Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
 " And freed from thy fantastic chain,
 " She fills the sphere by heav'n assign'd,
 " And rul'd by me o'errules mankind." 110

He spoke: the nymph impatient stood,
 And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

" And pray Sir, may I be so bold
 " To hope your pretty tale is told?
 " And next demand, without a cavil, 115
 " What new Utopia do you travel?
 " Upon my word these high-flown fancies
 " Shew depth of learning—in romances.
 " Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
 " Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows! 120
 " Go, Child! and when you're grown maturer,
 " You'll shoot your next opinion surer.
 " O such a pretty knack at painting!
 " And all for soft'ning and for fainting!
 " Guess now, who can, a single feature 125
 " Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
 " Then mark! my looser hand may fit
 " The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.
 " 'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
 " Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging, 130
 " On life's uncertain ocean riding,
 " No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,

- " Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
 " Eccentric, ominous and bright,
 " Trackless and shifting as the wind, 135
 " A sea whose fathom none can find.
 " A moon still changing and revolving,
 " A riddle past all human solving,
 " A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
 " A—something which no man can tell. 140
 " Now learn a secret from a friend,
 " But keep your counsel, and attend.
 " Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
 " Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
 " 'Tis but the difference of a name, 145
 " And ev'ry woman is the same:
 " For as the world, however vary'd,
 " And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
 " Of elemental modes and forms,
 " Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms, 150
 " Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
 " Is of one subject matter made;
 " So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
 " The world's enigma, finds solution,
 " And let her form be what you will, 155
 " I am the subject essence still.
 " With the first spark of female sense
 " The speck of being I commence,
 " Within the womb make fresh advances,
 " And dictate future qualms and fancies, 160
 " Thence in the growing form expand,
 " With childhood travel hand in hand,
 " And give a taste to all their joys
 " In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
 " And, now familiar and unaw'd, 165
 " I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;
 " Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
 " The little goddess and the queen
 " Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
 " And drinks sweet draughts of adulation. 170
 " Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
 " To dress becomes her darling care;

" The realms of beauty then I bound,
 " I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
 " Shrink in the waist's descending size, 175
 " Heav'd in the snowy bosom rise,
 " High on the floating lappit sail,
 " Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale:
 " Then to her glass I lead the fair,
 " And shew the lively idol there, 180
 " Where, struck as by divine emotion,
 " She bows with most sincere devotion,
 " And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er
 " In secret, bids the world adore.
 " Then all for parking and parading, 183
 " Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,
 " For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what passion!
 " And churches sometimes—if the fashion;
 " For woman's sense of right and wrong
 " Is rul'd by the almighty throng, 90
 " Still turns to each meander tame,
 " And swims the straw of ev'ry stream;
 " Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
 " Accomplish'd only in defects;
 " Such excellence is her ambition, 19
 " Folly her wisest acquisition,
 " And e'en from pity and disdain
 " She'll cull some reason to be vain.
 " Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
 " The wealth and wants of female nature, 200
 " And e'en from vice, which you'd admire,
 " I gather fuel to my fire,
 " And on the very base of shame
 " Erect my monument of fame.
 " Let me another truth attempt, 205
 " Of which your godship has not dreamt.
 " Those shining virtues which you muster,
 " Whence think you they derive their lustre,
 " From native honour and devotion?
 " O yes, a mighty likely notion! 210
 " Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
 " 'Tis I make saints whoe'er make sinners:

- “ ’Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
 “ And hold presumptuous man in awe;
 “ For female worth as I inspire 215
 “ In just degrees stills mounts the higher,
 “ And virtue so extremely nice
 “ Demands long toil and mighty price;
 “ Like Samson’s pillars, fix’d elate,
 “ I bear the sex’s tott’ring state; 220
 “ Sap these, and in a moment’s space
 “ Down sinks the fabric to its base.
 “ Alike from titles and from toys
 “ I spring the fount of female joys,
 “ In ev’ry widow, wife, and miss, 225
 “ The sole artificer of bliss:
 “ For them each tropic I explore,
 “ I cleave the sand of ev’ry shore;
 “ To them uniting India’s sail
 “ Sabæa breathes her farthest gale; 230
 “ For them the bullion I refine,
 “ Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
 “ And, from the bowels of invention,
 “ Spin out the various arts you mention.
 “ Nor bliss alone my pow’rs bestow, 235
 “ They hold the sov’reign balm of woe;
 “ Beyond the Stoic’s boasted art
 “ I sooth the heavings of the heart,
 “ To pain give splendour and relief,
 “ And gild the pallid face of grief. 240
 “ Alike the palace and the plain
 “ Admit the glories of my reign:
 “ Thro’ ev’ry age, in ev’ry nation,
 “ Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
 “ Whate’er a woman says I say, 245
 “ Whate’er a woman spends I pay;
 “ Alike I fill and empty bags,
 “ Flutter in finery and rags,
 “ With light coquettes thro’ folly range,
 “ And with the prude disdain to change. 250
 “ And now you’d think, ’twixt you and I,
 “ That things were ripe for a reply—

“ But soft, and while I’m in the mood
“ Kindly permit me to conclude,
“ Their utmost mazes to unravel, 255
“ And touch the farthest step they travel.
“ When ev’ry pleasure’s run aground,
“ And Folly tir’d thro’ many a round,
“ The nymph conceiving discontent hence
“ May ripen to an hour’s repentance, 260
“ And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
“ Dismiss her to a church or cloister;
“ Then on I lead her with devotion
“ Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
“ Inspire the heav’nly breathing air, 265
“ Roll up the lucid eye in pray’r,
“ Soften the voice, and in the face
“ Look melting harmony and grace.
“ Thus far extends my friendly pow’r,
“ Nor quits her in her latest hour; 270
“ The couch of decent pain I spread,
“ In form recline her languid head,
“ Her thoughts I methodise in death,
“ And part not with her parting breath;
“ Then do I set in order bright 275
“ A length of fun’ral pomp to fight,
“ The glitt’ring tapers and attire,
“ The plumes that whiten o’er her bier,
“ And, last presenting to her eye
“ Angelic fineries on high, 280
“ To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
“ And form the heav’n she hopes hereafter.”
“ In truth,” rejoin’d Love’s gentle god,
“ You’ve gone a tedious length of road,
“ And strange, in all the toilsome way, 285
“ No house of kind refreshment lay,
“ No nymph whose virtues might have tempted
“ To hold her from her sex exempted.”
“ For one we’ll never quarrel man:
“ Take her and keep her if you can: 290
“ And pleas’d I yield to your petition,
“ Since ev’ry fair, by such permission,

“ Will hold herself the one selected,
 “ And so my system stands protected.”

“ O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
 “ To truths divinely vouch’d in story !”

295

The godhead in his zeal return’d,
 And kindling at her malice burn’d;
 Then sweetly rais’d his voice, and told
 Of heav’nly nymphs rever’d of old,

300

Hypsipile, who sav’d her fire,
 And Portia’s love, approv’d by fire,
 Alike Penelope was quoted,
 Nor laurel’d Daphne pass’d unnoted,
 Nor Laodamia’s fatal garter,
 Nor fam’d Lucretia, honour’s martyr,
 Alceste’s voluntary steel,
 And Cath’rine smiling on the wheel.

305

But who can hope to plant conviction,
 Where cavil grows on contradiction ?

310

Some she evades or disavows,
 Demurs to all, and none allows ;
 A kind of ancient things call’d fables !
 And thus the goddess turn’d the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
 And choler flash’d from either eye ;
 Nor wonder each refus’d to yield,
 The conquest of so fair a field.

315

When happily arriv’d in view
 A goddess, whom our grandams knew,
 Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
 Majestic, awful, and sedate,
 As heav’n’s autumnal eve serene,
 When not a cloud o’ercasts the scene,
 Once Prudence call’d, a matron fam’d,
 And in old Rome Cornelia nam’d.

320

325

Quick at a venture both agree
 To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
 In form and manner as related :

330

The case was short : they crav’d opinion
 Which held o’er females chief dominion ?

When thus the goddess, answ'ring mild,
First shook her gracious head and smil'd:

“ Alas! how willing to comply, 335
“ Yet how unfit a judge am I!
“ In times of golden date, 'tis true,
“ I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
“ But from their presence long precluded,
“ Or held as one whose form intruded, 340
“ Full fifty annual suns can tell,
“ Prudence has bid the sex farewell.”

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still bias'd in opinion, 345
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair
Of inexperience'd gait and air, 350
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lighty by them o'er the green.

“ Now, now!” cry'd Love's triumphant child, 355
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
“ If vanity will once be guided,
“ Our difference may be soon decided:
“ Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
“ To try your force of gay persuasion: 360
“ Go you, while I retire aloof,
“ Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof,
“ And if your prevalence of art
“ Transcends my yet unerring dart,
“ I give the fav'rite contest o'er, 365
“ And ne'er will boast my empire more.”

At once so said and so consented,
And well our goddess seem'd contented,
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand. 370
Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,

Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
 That erst had wounded many a heart,
 Then, bending, drew it to the head,
 The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
 And, to her secret soul addrest,
 Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.
 But here the dame, whose guardian care,
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
 At once her pocket mirror drew,
 And held the wonder full in view;
 As quickly rang'd in order bright,
 A thousand beauties rush to fight,
 A world of charms till now unknown,
 A world reveal'd to her alone;
 Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
 Suspended o'er the darling shade,
 Here only fixes to admire,
 And centres ev'ry fond desire.

FABLE XVII.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

AS on my couch supine I lay,
 Like others, dreaming life away;
 Methought, expanded to my sight,
 A temple rear'd its stately height.
 All ready built, without omitting
 One ornament, for temples fitting.

Large look'd the pile, sublime and fair;
 But "Who the godhead worshipp'd there?"
 This to inquire, appearing meet,
 Imagination lent me feet,
 And thither, without further cavil,
 I fairly undertook to travel.

At once, in bright possession spied,
 The female world was at my side,
 Mingled, like many colour'd patterns,
 Nymphs, mes dames, trollops, belles, and flatterns,
 From point, and saucy ermine, down
 To the plain coif, and russet gown;

All, by inquiry as I found,
On one important errand bound.

20

Their van, to either tropic spread,
Forerunning expectation led;
Pleasure the female standard bore,
And Youth danc'd lightly on before;
While Prudence, Judgment, Sense, and Taste,
The few directing virtues, plac'd
To form and guide a woman's mind,
Discarded, sigh'd and slunk behind,

25

At length in jubilee arriving,
Where dwelt the jolly god of wiveing,
All prest promiscuously to enter,
Nor once reflected on the venture,
But here, the muse, affecting state,
Beckon'd her clamorous sex to wait,
Lest such a rendezvous should hinder
To say what past, the while, within door.

30

35

Against the portal, full in sight,
His sable vesture starr'd like night,
High thron'd upon an ebon seat,
Beneath a canopy of state,
That o'er his dusky temples nodded,
Was fix'd the matrimonial godhead.

40

Low at his feet, in pomp display'd,
The world's collected wealth was laid:
Where bags of mammon, pil'd around,
And chests on chests, o'erwhelm'd the ground.
With bills, bonds, parchments, the appointers
Of dow'ries, settlements, and jointures;
From whence, in just propotion weigh'd,
And down, by special tail, convey'd,
The future progenies inherit
Taste, beauty, virtue, sense, and merit.

45

50

Whatever titles here may suit us
For this same god, Hymen, or Plutus,
Who, from his trade of a gold-finder,
Might now become a marriage binder,
And, haply, use that precious metal
To folder sexes, like a kettle;

55

No earthly god, in my opinion,
Claim'd such an absolute dominion.

60

To prove his right to adoration,
Through ev'ry age, and ev'ry nation,
Around the spacious dome, display'd
By many a fabled light and shade,
Was emblematically told,
The great omnipotence of gold.

65

And first in yonder panel seen,
A lad, call'd Paris, stroll'd the green,
Poor, hungry, witless, and dejected,
By country, and by kin, neglected;
Till fortune, as she cross'd the plain,
Conceiv'd a crotchet in her brain,
And, laughing at the bashful blockhead,
Took a huge pippin from her pocket,
Of the true glittering tempting kind,
And gold throughout from core to rind;
This, in a whim, the dame bestow'd,
Then smiling, turn'd, and went her road.

70

75

The neighbours, now, when fame had shown 'em
The youth had got the summum bonum,
From many a hut and hamlet crowd,
And duly at his levy bow'd,
His reputation spreads apace—
O, such a shape, and such a face!
His mouth he opens, and they swear
The Delphic oracle is there.

80

85

Now, see the king of Troy aspire
To be the wealthy shepherd's fire.
For him, the brightest nymphs contended;
To him, three goddesses descended,
And show'd, in fair and open day,
Where honour, wit, and beauty lay,
O'er which, our poem, to conceal
From vulgar optics, drops a veil.

90

In the next panel, you discover
Olympic Jove, that thundering lover,
Who, charm'd with old Acrisius daughter,
In many a shape had vainly fought her,

95

And run the round of all his tricks,
 Yet still was doubtful where to fix; 100
 Till, by some wiser head inclin'd,
 To cast his blustering bolt behind,
 His duller lightning to withhold,
 And wear the brigher form of gold,
 He took the hint, he storm'd the tower, 105
 And dropt in yon omnific shower.

In the next board, the tale so common is,
 'Twixt Atalanta and Hippomenes,
 I shall but slightly stop a minute,
 To drop one observation in it; 110
 Remarking, that howe'er prefer'd to
 Their sex for many a course in virtue,
 The bright allurements, well applied;
 May tempt good nymphs to turn aside.

Next, Lybia's golden orchard grew, 115
 Blooming temptation to the view,
 In which a dragon, call'd the law,
 Kept conscientious fools in awe:
 Yet, power superior to the crime,
 And tall Ambition, skill'd to climb, 120
 With traitors of a new invention,
 Who sell their country for a pension,
 Through many a thicket won their way,
 And spoil'd the grove, and shar'd the prey.

On the same golden system laid, 125
 The world was in the fifth display'd;
 The earth a golden axis turn'd;
 The heavens, with golden planets burn'd,
 And thence, as astrologians know,
 Deriv'd their influence below: 130
 A girdle, called the zodiac, grac'd
 The glitt'ring round of Nature's waist,
 Whose mystic charm from gold arises,
 For this the Cestus of the skies is;
 And, as in Homer's works we read 135
 (And Homer is the poet's creed)
 Of a well-twisted golden tether,
 That tied the heavens and earth together,

Such was the cord, or such the cable,
 That ty'd the spheres within this table ; 140
 By which the artist, underhand,
 Would give the wise to understand
 That interest, in every creature,
 Throughout religion, law, and nature,
 From east to west, and pole to pole, 145
 Moves, binds, suspends, and turns, the whole.

While thus, in passing slightly o'er, I
 Survey'd the scenes of ancient story ;
 Or ey'd, with more minute attention,
 What prudence here forbids to mention ; 150
 The muse my shoulder tapp'd, to mind me
 Of things that pass'd, the while, behind me.

I turned, and view'd with deep surprise,
 The phantom that assail'd my eyes :
 His hinder-head disrob'd of hair, 155
 His sapless back and shoulders bare,
 Confest the wrinkles of a sage
 Who past ten Nestors in his age ;
 But cloth'd before, with decent grace,
 And infant sweetness in his face, 160
 Not Smintheus with such vigour strung,
 Nor blooming Hebe look'd so young.

On his left hand a palette lay,
 With many a teint of colours gay ;
 While, guided with an easy flight, 165
 The flying pencil grac'd his right.
 Unnumber'd canvasses appear'd,
 Before the moving artist rear'd,
 On whose inspirited expanse he
 Express'd the creatures of his fancy ; 170
 So touch'd, with such a swift command,
 With such a magic power of hand,
 That Nature did herself appear
 Less real than her semblance here,
 And not a mortal, so betray'd, 175
 Could know the substance from the shade !

Whate'er the world conceives in life,
 Worth toil, anxiety, and strife ;

Whate'er by ignorance is bought,
 By Madness wish'd, or Folly sought,
 The mitres, coronets, and garters,
 To which Ambition leads his martyrs;
 With every joy and toy that can
 Amuse the various child of man,
 Was painted here in many a scene,
 A trifling, transient, charming train!

180

185

A while I stood, in thought suspended,
 To guess what these affairs intended;
 When, lo! the Muse in whispers told,
 "'Tis father Time whom you behold;

190

"In part discover'd to the wise,
 "In part conceal'd from human eyes.
 "A slave to yon gold-giving power,
 "For him he spends each restless hour;
 "The product of his toil intends
 "As gifts to those his god befriends.
 "And paints what other mortals view
 "As substances, though shades to you."

195

She ceas'd, and turning to the sentry,
 Desir'd he'd give the ladies entry;
 And straight the portal open'd wide,
 And in they delug'd like a tide.

200

So, to some grove by stress of weather,
 Fast flock the fowl of every feather;
 A mighty pretty prating rabble,
 Like Iris rigg'd, and tongu'd like Babel;
 Then crowding tow'rd the nuptial throne,
 By bags of strong attraction known,
 Low bending to their god they bow'd,
 And vented thus their prayer aloud:

205

210

"Great Power! in whom our sex confides,
 "Who rul'st the turns of female tides;
 "Who ken'st, while varying fancy ranges
 "Through all its doubles, twirls, and changes,
 "To what a woman's heart is prone,
 "A secret to ourselves unknown—
 "O give us, give us, mighty Power!
 "The wedded joy of every hour:

215

- " Assign thy favourites in marriage;
 " To coaches of distinguish'd carriage; 220
 " To all the frippery of dressing,
 " A nameless, boundless, endless blessing;
 " To drums, ridottos, fights, and sounds;
 " To visits in eternal rounds:
 " To card and counter, rake and rattle; 225
 " To the whole lust of tongue and tattle;
 " And all the dear delightful trances
 " Of countless frolics, fits, and fancies.
 " You've heard that men, unpolish'd boors,
 " Lay naughty passions at our doors; 230
 " 'Tis yours to contradict the liar,
 " Who are, yourself, our chief desire.
 " O then, a widow, or a wife,
 " To you we yield each choice in life;
 " Or, would you every prayer fulfil, 235
 " Wed us, O! wed us, to our will!"

They ceas'd, and, without more addition,
 The god confirm'd their full petition:
 To Time he beckon'd, and desir'd
 He'd give the good each nymph requir'd; 240
 And from his visionary treasure,
 Wed every woman to her pleasure.

The first who came resolved to fix
 Upon a gilded coach and six:
 The suit was granted her on sight; 245
 The nymph with ardour seiz'd her right.
 A wonder! by possession banish'd,
 The coach and dappled coursers vanish;
 And a foul waggon held the fair,
 Full laden with a weight of care: 250
 She sigh'd, her sisters caught the sound,
 And one insulting laugh went round.

The second was a dame of Britain,
 Who by a coronet was smitten;
 With boldness she advanced her claim, 255
 Exulting in so just a flame.
 But ah! where bliss alone was patent,
 What unsuspected mischief latent!

The worst in all Pandora's box,
Her coronet contain'd a ———.

265

With this example in her eye,
The third, a widow'd dame, drew nigh,
And fix'd her sight and soul together
Upon a raking hat and feather ;
Nor sigh'd in vain, but seiz'd her due,
And clasp'd old age in twenty-two.

265

Thus, through the difference and degrees
Of sword-knots, mitres, and toupees,
Prim bands, pert bobs, and well-hung blades,
Long robes, smart jackets, fierce cockades,
And all the fooleries in fashion,
Whate'er became the darling passion,
The good for which they did importune,
Was straight revers'd into misfortune ;
And ev'ry woman, like the first,
Was at her own entreaty curst.

270

75

At length was introduc'd a fair,
With such a face, and such an air,
As never was on earth, I ween,
Save by poetic organs, seen.

280

With decent grace and gentle cheer,
The bright adventurer drew near ;
Her mild approach the godhead spy'd,
And, " Fairest," with a smile, he cry'd,
" If ought you seek in Hymen's power,
" You find him in an happy hour."

285

At this the virgin, half amaz'd,
As round the spacious dome she gaz'd,
With caution every symbol ey'd,
And, blushing, gracefully reply'd :

29

" If you are he whose pow'r controls
" And knits the sympathy of souls,
" Then, whence this pomp of worthless geer,
" And why this heap of counters here ?
" Is this vain show of glittering ore
" The bliss that Hymen has in store ?
" Love sees the folly, with the gloss,
" And laughs to scorn thy useless dross.

295

- “ Where are the symbols of thy reign ?
 “ And where thy robe of Tyrian grain,
 “ Whole tint, in virgin colours dy’d,
 “ Derives its blushing from the bride ?
 “ Where is thy torch, serenely bright,
 “ To lovers yielding warmth and light,
 “ That from the heart derives its fire,
 “ And only can with life expire.
 “ Will this inactive mass impart
 “ The social feelings of the heart ?
 “ Or can material fetters bind
 “ The free affections of the mind ?
 “ Through every age the great, the wise,
 “ Behold thee with superior eyes ;
 “ Love spurns thy treasures with disdain,
 “ And virtue flies thy hostile reign.
 “ By love congenial souls embrace,
 “ Celestial source of human race !
 “ From whence the cordial sense within,
 “ The bosom’d amities of kin,
 “ The call of Nature to her kind,
 “ And all the tunings of the mind,
 “ That, winding heaven’s harmonious plan,
 “ Compose the brotherhood of man.”
 She said, and gracefully withdrew ;
 Her steps the muse and I pursue.
 Along an unfrequented way
 The virgin led, nor led astray ;
 Till, like the first in form and size,
 A second fabric struck our eyes :
 We entered, guided by the fair,
 And saw a second Hymen there.
 A silken robe, of saffron hue,
 About his decent shoulders flew ;
 While a fair taper’s virgin light
 Gave Ovid to his soul and sight.
 An hundred Cupids wanton’d round,
 Whose useless quivers strew’d the ground ;
 While, careless of their wonted trade,
 They with the smiling Graces play’d.

300

305

310

315

320

325

230

335

Along the wall's extended side,
With tints of varying nature dy'd, 340
In needled tapestry was told
The tale of many a love of old.

In groves that breathe a citron air,
Together walk'd the wedded pair,
Or toy'd upon the vernal ground, 345
Their beauteous offspring sporting round,
Or, lock'd in sweet embracement, lay
And slept and lov'd the night away.

There sat Penelope in tears,
Besieg'd, like Troy, for ten long years : 250
Her suitors, in a neighb'ring room,
Wait the long promise of the loom,
Which she defers from day to day,
Till death determin'd to delay.

With thoughts of fond remembrance wrung, 355
Deep sorrowing, o'er her work she hung ;
Where in the fields at Ilium fought,
The labours of her lord she wrought,
The toil, the dust, the flying foe,
The rallied host, the instant blow ; 360
Then fighting, trembled at the view,
Scar'd at the dangers which she drew.

There too, suspended o'er the wave,
Alcione was seen to rave,
When, as the foundering wreck she spy'd, 365
She on her sinking Ceyx cry'd :
Her Ceyx, though by seas oppress'd,
Still bear's her image in his breast ;
And with his fondest, latest breath,
Murmurs " Alcione " in death. 370

Panthea there, upon a bier,
Laid the sole lord of her desire :
His limbs were scatter'd through the plains ;
She join'd and kiss'd the dear remains.
Too pond'rous was her weight of woe 375
For sighs to rise, or tears to flow :
On the lov'd corse she fix'd her view,
No other use of seeing knew ;

While high and stedfast as she gaz'd
 Her snowy arm a poniard rais'd
 Nor yet the desp'rate weapon staid,
 But for a longer look delay'd,
 Till, plung'd within her beauteous breast,
 She on his bosom sunk to rest.

380

But, Oh! beyond whate'er was told
 In modern tales, or truths of old,
 One pair, in form and spirit twin'd,
 Out-lov'd the loves of human kind;
 She Hero, he Leander, nam'd,
 For mutual faith as beauty fam'd!
 Their story from its source begun,
 And to the fatal period run.

385

While bow'd at Cytherea's shrine,
 The youth adores her power divine,
 He sees her blooming priestess there,
 Beyond the sea-born goddess fair:
 She, as some god, the strippling eyes,
 Just lighted from his native skies—
 The god whose chariot guides the hour,
 Or haply love's immortal power.

390

395

400

At once their conscious glances spoke
 Like fate the strong and mutual stroke;
 Attracted by a secret force,
 Like currents meeting in their course,
 That thence one stream for ever rolls,
 Together rush'd their mingling souls,
 Too close for fortune to divide,
 For each was lost in either tide.

405

In vain by ruthless parents torn,
 Their bodies are assunder borne,
 And towering bulwarks intervene,
 And envious ocean rolls between;
 Love wings their letters o'er the sea,
 And kisses melt the seals away.

410

And now the fable night impends,
 Leander to the shore descends,
 Exults at the appointed hour,
 And marks the signal on the tower—

415

A torch, to guide the lover's way,
Endear'd beyond the brightest day! 420
At once he plunges in the tide;
His arms the Hellespont divide;
The danger and the toil he braves,
And dashes the contending waves.
While near and nearer to his fight 425
The taper darts a ruddier light,
Recruited at the view, he glows;
Aside the whelming billow throws:
The winds and seas oppose in vain;
He spurns, he mounts, he skims the main. 430

Now from the tower where Hero stood
And threw a radiance o'er the flood,
Leander in the deep she spy'd,
And would have sprung to join his side;
Howe'er, her wishes make essay, 435
And clasp and warm him on his way.

The main is cross'd, the shore is gain'd,
The long wish'd hour at last attain'd.
But lovers, if there e'er arose
A pair so form'd and fond as those, 440
So lov'd, so beauteous, and so blest,
Alone can speak or think the rest;
Nor will the weeping muse unfold
The close, too tragic to be told!

Long were the loving list to name 445
With Portia's faith; that swallow'd flame:
But much the longer list were those
Whose joys were unallay'd by woes;
Whose blifs no cruel parents cross'd,
Whose love not ages could exhaust 450
Where not a cloud did intervene,
Or once o'ercast thy bright serene;
But through the summer's day of life,
The husband tender as the wife;
Like Henry and his nut-brown maid, 455
Their faith nor shaken nor decay'd,
Together ran the blissful race,
Together liv'd, and slept in peace.

Long time the much inquiring maid
 From story on to story stray'd ; 460
 Joy'd in the joys that lovers know,
 Or wept her tribute to their woe ;
 Till Hymen, with a placid air,
 Approaching, thus address'd the fair :
 " Hail to the nymph whose sacred train 465
 " Of virtues shall restore my reign !
 " Whate'er the wishes of thy soul,
 " But speak them, and possess the whole."
 " Thanks, gentle power," the maid reply'd ;
 " Your bounty shall be amply try'd. 470
 " I seek not titles, rank, or state,
 " Superfluous to the truly great ;
 " Nor yet to sordid wealth inclin'd,
 " The poorest passion of the mind ;
 " But, simply fix'd to nature's plan, 475
 " I seek th' associate in the man.
 " Yet, O beware ! for much depends
 " On what that syllable intends.
 " Give him a form that may delight
 " My inward sense, my mental sight ; 480
 " In every outward act design'd
 " To speak an elegance of mind.
 " In him, by science, travel, taste,
 " Be nature polished, not defac'd ;
 " And set, as is the brilliant stone, 485
 " To be with double lustre shown.
 " Sweet be the music of his tongue,
 " And as the lyre of David strung,
 " To steal from each delighted day
 " Affliction, care, and time, away. 490
 " Within his comprehensive soul
 " Let heaven's harmonious system roll :
 " There let the great, the good, the wise,
 " Of fam'd antiquity arise,
 " From every age, and every clime 495
 " Eluding death and circling time !
 " There let the sacred virtues meet,
 " And range their known and native seat !

" There let the charities unite,
 " And human feelings weep delight. 500
 " Kind power! if such a youth you know.
 " He's all the heaven I ask below."
 So wished the much aspiring maid;
 Pale turn'd the power, and, sighing, said:
 " Alas! like him you fondly claim, 505
 " Through ev'ry boasted form and name,
 " That graces nature's varying round,
 " A second is not to be found!
 " Your suit, fair creature, must miscarry,
 " Till Charlemont resolves to marry." 510

MISCELLANIES.

THE TRIAL OF SELIM THE PERSIAN.

FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

THE court was met, the pris'ner brought,
 The council with instructions fraught,
 And evidence prepar'd at large
 On oath to vindicate the charge.
 But first 'tis meet where form denies 5
 Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
 Gay metaphors and figures fine,
 And similes to deck the line,
 'Tis meet (as we before have said)
 To call description to our aid. 10
 Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)
 With the three chiefs in judgment sitting.
 Above the rest, and in the chair,
 Sat Faction, with dissembled air;
 Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies 15
 And murmurs, whence diffensions rise,
 A smiling mask her features veil'd,
 Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd,
 With study'd blandishments she bow'd,
 And drew the captivated crowd. 20
 The next in place, and on the right,
 Sat Envy, hideous to the sight!

Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes
 And haggard form forbad disguise;
 Pale discontent and fullen hate 25
 Upon her wrinkled forehead sat,
 Her left-hand clench'd, her cheek sustain'd,
 Her right (with many a murder stain'd)
 A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike,
 With starts of rage and aim oblique. 30

Last, on the left, was Clamour seen,
 Of stature vast and horrid mein;
 With bloated cheeks, and frantic eyes,
 She sent her yellings to the skies,
 Prepar'd, with trumpet in her hand, 35
 To blow sedition o'er the land.

With these, four more of lesser fame,
 And humbler rank, attendant came,
 Hypocrisy with smiling grace,
 And Impudence, with brazen face, 40
 Contention bold, with iron lungs,
 And Slander, with her hundred tongues.

The walls in sculptur'd tale were rich,
 And statues proud (in many a nich)
 Of chiefs who fought in Faction's cause, 45
 And perish'd for contempt of laws:
 The roof, in vary'd light and shade,
 The seat of Anarchy display'd:
 Triumphant o'er a falling throne
 (By emblematic figures known) 50
 Confusion rag'd, and Lust obscene,
 And Riot, with distemper'd mien,
 And Outrage bold, and Mischief dire,
 And Devastation clad in fire:
 Prone on the ground a martial maid 55
 Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid,
 Her shield with many a stab was pierc'd,
 Her laurels torn, her spear revers'd,
 And near her crouch'd amidst the spoils
 A lion panted in the toils. 60

With look compos'd, the pris'ner stood,
 And modest pride: by turns he view'd

The court, the council, and the crowd,
And with submissive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now in humbler strains
And lighter rhymes with what remains.

65

Th' indictment grievously set forth
That Selim, lost to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will P—tt,
And many more not taken yet)

70

In forty-five the royal palace
Did enter, and to shame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forsake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With mischievous intent and base,
Value unknown, a certain place.

75

He was a second time indicted
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's share
(Which parsons want and he might spare)
In letter to one Gilbert West,
He, the said Selim, did attest,
Maintain, support, and make assertion,
Of certain points from Paul's Conversion,
By means whereof the said apostle
Did many an unbeliever jostle,
Starting unfashionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.

80

85

A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets sell,
He, the said Selim, notwithstanding,
Did fall to answ'ring, shaming, branding,
Three curious letters to the Whigs,
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein,
By which uncharitable sin,
An author, modest and deserving,
Was destin'd to contempt and starving,
Against the king, his crown, and peace,
And all the statutes in that case.

90

95

100

The pleader rose with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—

But not to damp the muse's fire
 With rhet'ric such as courts require,
 We'll try to keep the reader warm,
 And sift the matter from the form. 105
 Virtue and social love, he said,
 And honour, from the land were fled ;
 That patriots now, like other folks,
 Were made the butt of vulgar jokes, 110
 While Opposition dropp'd her crest,
 And courted pow'r for wealth and rest ;
 Why some folks laugh'd and some folks rail'd,
 Why some submitted some assail'd,
 Angry or pleas'd—all solv'd the doubt 115
 With who were in and who were out ;
 The sons of Clamour grew so sickly,
 They look'd for dissolution quickly ;
 Their weekly journals, finely written,
 Were sunk in privies all besh—n, 120
 Old England, and the London Evening,
 Hardly a soul was found believing in ;
 And Caleb, once so bold and strong,
 Was stupid now, and always wrong.

Ask ye whence rose this foul disgrace ? 125
 Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
 And thereby brought the cause to shame,
 Proving that people void of blame
 Might serve their country and their king,
 By making both the selfsame thing, 130
 By which the credulous believ'd
 And others (by strange arts deceiv'd)
 That ministers were sometimes right,
 And meant not to destroy us quite.

That bart'ring thus in state affairs 135
 He next must deal in sacred wares,
 The clergy's rights divine invade,
 And smuggle in the gospel trade ;
 And all this zeal to reinstate,
 Exploded notions out of date, 140
 Sending old rakes to church in shoals,
 Like children sniv'ling for their souls,

And ladies gay from smut and libels
To learn beliefs and read their bibles,
Erecting conscience for a tutor,

145

To damn the present by the future,
As if to evils known and real,

'Twas needful to annex ideal,
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterness, and woe,

150

With short transitions of delight
To set the shatter'd spirits right;
Then why such mighty pains and care
To make us humbler than we are?

Forbidding short-liv'd mirth and laughter

155

By fears of what may come hereafter;

Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear but who believe a hell;

And if there should be one, no doubt,

Men of themselves would find it out.

160

But Selim's crimes he said went further,

And barely stopp'd on this side murder;

One yet remain'd to close the charge

To which (with leave) he'd speak at large.

And first 'twas needful to premise

165

That tho' so long (for reasons wise)

The press inviolate had stood,

Productive of the public good,

Yet still too modest to abuse,

It rail'd at vice, but told not whose;

170

That great improvements of late days

Were made to many an author's praise,

Who not so scrupulously nice

Proclaim'd the person with the vice,

Or gave, where vices might be wanted,

175

The name, and took the rest for granted.

Upon this plan a champion *rose,

Unrighteous greatness to oppose,

Proving the man *in-ventus non est*

Who trades in pow'r and still is honest;

180

* Author of a letter to the Whigs.

And (God be prais'd!) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto soundly;

But chief his anger was directed

Where people least of all suspected,

And Selim not so strong as tall

185

Beneath his grasp appear'd to fall,

But Innocence (as people say)

Stood by and sav'd him in the fray:

By her assisted, and one Truth,

A busy, prating, forward youth,

190

He rally'd all his strength anew,

And at the foe a letter threw;

His weakest part the weapon found,

And brought him senseless to the ground;

Hence Opposition fled the field,

195

And Ign'rance with her sev'nfold shield;

And well they might, (for things weigh'd fully)

The pris'ner with his whore and bully

Must prove for every foe too hard

Who never fought with such a guard.

200

But Truth and Innocence, he said,

Would stand him here in little stead,

For they had evidence on oath

That would appear too hard for both.

Of witnesses a fearful train

205

Came next th' indictments to sustain,

Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,

And Party, of all foes the worst,

Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,

And Disappointment, worn with grief,

210

Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,

And ev'ry fiend that vice can name:

All these in ample form depos'd

Each fact the triple charge disclos'd,

With taunts and gibes of bitter sort,

215

And asking vengeance from the court.

The pris'ner said, in his defence,

That he indeed had small pretence

To soften facts so deeply sworn,

But would for his offences mourn;

220

Yet more, he hop'd, than bare repentance
 Might still be urg'd to ward the sentence.
 That he had held a place some years
 He own'd with penitence and tears,
 But took it not from motives base, 225
 Th' indictment there mistook the case ;
 And tho' he had betray'd his trust,
 In being to his country just,
 Neglecting Faction and her friends,
 He did it not for wicked ends, 230
 But that complaints and feuds might cease,
 And jarring parties mix in peace.

That what he wrote to Gilbert West
 Bore hard against him he confest ;
 Yet there they wrong'd him, for the fact is 235
 He reason'd for belief not practice,
 And people might believe, he thought,
 Tho' practice might be deem'd a fault.
 He either dream'd it or was told
 Religion was rever'd of old, 240
 That it gave breeding no offence,
 And was no foe to wit and sense ;
 But whether this was truth or whim
 He would not say ; the doubt with him
 (And no great harm he hop'd) was how 245
 Th' enlighten'd world would take it now ;
 If they admitted it 'twas well,
 If not, he never talk'd of hell,
 Nor even hop'd to change men's measures
 Or frighten ladies from their pleasures. 250

One accusation, he confest,
 Had touch'd him more than all the rest ;
 Three patriot letters, high in fame,
 By him o'erthrown and brought to shame :
 And tho' it was a rule in vogue 255
 If one man call'd another rogue,
 The party injur'd might reply,
 And on his foe retort the lie,
 Yet what accru'd from all his labour
 But foul dishonour to his neighbour ? 260

And he's a most unchristian elf
Who others damns to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said,
Those letters only rail'd for bread,
And hunger was a known excuse 265
For prostitution and abuse ;
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the writer change his side :
He wished he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd he should have bought, not starv'd him. 270
The court, he said, knew all the rest,
And must proceed as they thought best,
Only he hop'd such resignation
Would plead some little mitigation ;
And if his character was clear 275
From other faults, (and friends were near
Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)
He did in humblest form request it
To be from punishment exempt,
And only suffer their contempt. 280

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour swore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party, 285
And that they knew him firm and hearty ;
Religion, sober dame ! attended,
And, as she could, his cause befriended ;
She said, 'twas since he came from college
She knew him, introduc'd by Knowledge ; 290
The man was modest and sincere,
No farther could she interfere.
The Muses begg'd to interpose,
But Envy with loud hissings rose,
And call'd them women of ill fame, 295
Liars, and prostitutes to shame,
And said to all the world 'twas known
Selim had had them ev'ry one.
The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
When silence was proclaim'd around, 300

And Faction, rising with the rest,
In form the pris'ner thus addrest :

“ You, Selim, thrice have been indicted,
“ First, that, by wicked pride excited,
“ And bent your country to disgrace,

305

“ You have received and held a place ;
“ Next, infidelity to wound,
“ You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
“ To drive freethinking to a stand,
“ And with religion vex the land ;
“ And lastly, in contempt of right,
“ With horrid and unnat'ral spite,
“ You have an author's fame o'erthrown,
“ Thereby to build and fence your own.

310

“ These crimes successive on your trial
“ Have met with proofs beyond denial,
“ To which yourself with shame conceded,
“ And but in mitigation pleaded ;
“ Yet that the justice of the court
“ May suffer not in men's report,
“ Judgment a moment I suspend,
“ To reason as from friend to friend.

315

“ And first, that you of all mankind
“ With kings and courts should stain your mind,
“ You ! who were Opposition's lord,
“ Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword !
“ That you, at last, for servile ends,
“ Should wound the bowels of her friends !—
“ Is aggravation of offence,

320

“ That leaves for mercy no pretence :
“ Yet more—for you to urge your hate,
“ And back the church to aid the state,
“ For you to publish such a letter,
“ You ! who have known religion better,
“ For you, I say, to introduce

330

“ The fraud again !—there's no excuse :
“ And last of all, to crown your shame,
“ Was it for you to load with blame
“ The writings of a patriot youth,
“ And summon Innocence and Truth

335

340

“ To prop your cause!—Was this for you!—

“ But justice does your crimes pursue,

“ And sentence now alone remains,

“ Which thus by me the court ordains :

“ That you return from whence you came, 345

“ There to be stript of all your fame

“ By vulgar hands ; that once a week

“ Old England pinch you till you squeak ;

“ That ribald pamphlets do pursue you,

“ And lies and murmurs, to undo you, 350

“ With ev’ry foe that worth procures,

“ And only Virtue’s friend be your’s.” 352

THE TRIAL OF SARAH ****, ALIAS SLIM SAL.

FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE pris’ner was at large indicted,
For that, by thirst of gain excited,

One day, in July last, at tea,

And in the house of Mrs. P.

From the left breast of E. M. Gent. 5

With base felonious intent,

Did then and there a heart with strings,

Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,

Steal, rob, and plunder, and all them

The chattels of the said E. M. 10

The prosecutor swore, last May,

(The month he knew but not the day)

He left his friends in town, and went

Upon a visit down in Kent ;

That staying there a month or two 15

He spent his time, as others do,

In riding, walking, fishing, swimming,

But being much inclin’d to women,

And young and wild, and no great reas’ner,

He got acquainted with the pris’ner. 20

He own’d ’twas rumour’d in those parts

That she’d a trick of stealing hearts,

And from fifteen to twenty-two

Had made the devil-and-all to do :

But Mr. W. the vicar

(And no man brews you better liquor) 25

Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolics of a girl forsooth ;
Things now were on another score,
He said, for she was twenty-four. 30
However, to make matters short,
And not to trespass on the court,
The lady was discover'd soon,
And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July last, or near it, 35
(As to the day he could not swear it)
In company at Mrs. P's,
Where folks say any thing they please,
Dean L. and Lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miss Y. 40
(He own'd he was inclin'd to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him cousin,
How many kisses made a dozen ?
That being, as he own'd, in liquor, 45
The question made his blood run quicker,
And, sense and reason in eclipse,
He vow'd he'd score them on her lips :
That rising up, to keep his word,
He got as far as kiss the third, 50
And would have counted th' other nine,
And so all present did opine,
But that he felt a sudden dizziness,
That quite undid him for the business ;
His speech he said began to falter, 55
His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,
His breast to thump without cessation,
And all within one conflagration.
" Bless me ! " says Fanny, " what's the matter ? " 60
And Lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And stamp'd, and wish'd the pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, " Part them, or there's murder ! "
That still he held the pris'ner fast,
And would have stood it to the last,
But struggling to go through the rest, 65
He felt a pain across his breast,]

A sort of sudden twinge, he said,
That seem'd almost to strike him dead,
And after that such cruel smarting,
He thought the soul and body parting: 70
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And stagger'd off a step or so,
And thinking that his heart was ill,
He begg'd of Miss Y's maid to feel :
That Fanny stepp'd before the rest, 75
And laid her hand upon his breast,
But, mercy on us, what a stare
The creature gave! no heart was there :
Souse went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart and strings and all were stole : 80
That Fanny turn'd and told the pris'ner,
She was a thief, and so she'd christen her,
And that it was a burning shame,
And brought the house an evil name,
And if she did not put the heart in, 85
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs,
And told his Rev'rence, and the rest of 'em,
She was as honest as the best of 'em : 90
That Lady Mary, and Dean L,
Rose up, and said, 'twas mighty well ;
But that in gen'ral terms they said it,
A heart was gone, and some one had it ;
Words would not do, for search they must, 95
And search they would, and her the first :
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And said she hop'd they would not hang her ;
That all she did was meant in jest,
And there the heart was and the rest : 100
That then the Dean cry'd out, O fye!
And sent in haste for Justice I.
Who though he knew her friends, and pity'd her,
Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.
The parties present swore the same, 105
And Fanny said the pris'ner's name

Had frighten'd all the country round,
And glad she was the bill was found :
She knew a man who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother,
Who lost his heart by mere surprise,
One morning looking at her eyes ;
And others had been known to squeak,
Who only chanc'd to hear her speak ;
For she had words of such a sort,
That though she knew no reason for't,
Would make a man of sense run mad,
And rifle him of all he had ;
And that she'd rob the whole community,
If ever she had opportunity.

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The pris'ner now first silence broke,
And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.
She own'd, she said, it much incens'd her,
To hear such matters sworn against her ;
But that she hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herself *eadem semper* :
That what the prosecutor swore,
Was some part true, and some part more :
She own'd she had been often seen with him,
And laugh'd and chatter'd on the green with him ;
The fellow seem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
And that all women else look'd ghastly :
But then she hop'd the court would think,
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or suffer hands like his to daub her,
Or encourage men to kiss and flobber her :
She'd have folks know she did not love it,
Or if she did, she was above it :
But this she said was sworn of course,
To prove her giddy, and then worse,
As she whose conduct was thought *levis*,
Might very well be reckon'd thievish.
She hop'd, she said, the court's discerning
Would pay some honour to her learning ;

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For every day, from four to past six,
She went up stairs and read the classics.
Thus, having clear'd herself of levity,
The rest, she said, would come with brevity. 150
And first it injur'd not her honour,
To own the heart was found upon her,
For she could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her.
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves 155
Was once the humblest of her slaves,
And often had confess'd the dart,
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart :
That she, as 'twas her constant fashion,
Made great diversion of his passion, 160
Which set his blood in such a ferment,
As seem'd to threaten his interment :
That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him,
And often came and felt his pulse, 165
And bid him write to Doctor Hulse.
The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely ;
But told her that his heart was bursting,
And doctors he had little trust in ; 170
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend if once she kept it :
That having no aversion to it,
She said with all her soul she'd do it ;
But then she begg'd him to remember, 175
If he should need it in December,
(For winter months would make folks shiver,
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return ; and added,
'Twas her's for life if once she had it. 180
The prosecutor said Amen,
And that he wish'd it not again,
And took it from his breast and gave her,
And bow'd and thank'd her for the favour,
But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of, 185
As heartless men were made a joke of,

That next day whisp'ring him about it,
 And asking how he felt without it?
 He sigh'd, and cry'd, "Alack! alack!"
 And begg'd and pray'd to have it back, 190
 Or that she'd give him her's instead on't,
 But she conceiv'd there was no need on't,
 And said, and bid him make no pother,
 He should have neither one nor t'other:
 That then he rav'd and storm'd like fury, 195
 And said that one was his *de jure*,
 And rather than he'd leave pursuing her,
 He'd swear a robbery and ruin her.

That this was truth she did aver,
 Whatever hap betided her; 200
 Only that Mrs. P. she said,
 Miss Y. and her deluded maid,
 And Lady Mary, and his Reverence,
 Were folks to whom she paid some deference,
 And that she verily believ'd 205
 They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.

Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,
 And sigh'd as if his heart would break.
 He said that he was Madam's surgeon,
 Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon, 210
 From *chier, manus, ergou, opus*,
 (As scope is from the Latin *scopus* :)
 That he, he said, had known the prisoner,
 From the first sun that ever rise on her,
 And griev'd he was to see her there, 215
 But took upon himself to swear,
 There was not to be found in nature
 A sweeter, or a better creature;
 And if the king (God bleis him!) knew her,
 He'd leave St. James to get to her; 220
 But then as to the fact in question,
 He knew no more on't than Hephæstion!
 It might be false or might be true,
 And this he said was all he knew.

The judge proceeded to the charge, 225
 And gave the evidence at large,

But often cast a sheep's eye at her,
 And strove to mitigate the matter,
 Pretending facts were not so clear,
 And mercy ought to interfere. 230

The Jury then withdrew a moment,
 As if on weighty points to comment,
 And right or wrong resolved to save her,
 They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were so, 235
 It matters not for us to know.

The culprit by escape grown bold,
 Pilfers alike from young and old,
 The country all around her teases,
 And robs or murders whom she pleases. 240

ENVY AND FORTUNE,

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

SAYS Envy to Fortune, "Soft, soft, Madam Flirt!
 "Not so fast with your wheel, you'll be down in the
 "dirt. [creature!

"Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear

"You've shewn him a wonderful deal of good nature;

"His bags are so full, and such praises his due, 5

"That the like was ne'er known—and all owing to you:

"But why won't you make him quite happy for life,

"And to all you have done, add the gift of a wife?"

Says Fortune, and smil'd, "Madam Envy, God save

"But why always sneering at me and poor Davy? [ye!

"I own that sometimes, in contempt of all rules, 10

"I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools:

"But the case is quite different here I aver it,

"For David ne'er knew me, till brought me by Merit.

"And yet to convince you--Nay, Madam, no hisses-- 15

"Good manners at least--Such behaviour as this is!"--

(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out,

With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.

But Fortune went on)—"To convince you, I say,

"That I honour your scheme, I'll about it to day. 20

"The man shall be married, so pray now be easy,

"And Garrick for once shall do something to please ye."

So saying she rattled her wheel out of sight,
 While Envy walk'd after and grinn'd with delight.
 It seems 'twas a trick that she long had been brewing 25
 To marry poor David, and so be his ruin;
 For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
 And car'd not a fig for a soul but himself;
 From thence she was sure, had the devil a daughter,
 He'd snap at the girl, so 'twas Fortune that brought her;
 And then should her temper be fullen or haughty, 31
 Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
 'Twould fret the poor fellow so out of his reason,
 That Barry and Quin would set fashions next season.

But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd, 35
 Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind,
 Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice,
 She visited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.
 The nymph shook her head when the business she knew,
 And said that her female acquaintance were few; 40
 That excepting Miss R***—O yes! there was one,
 A friend of that lady's, she visited none;
 But the first was too great, and the last was too good,
 And as for the rest she might get whom she could.

Away hurry'd Fortune, perplex'd and half mad, 45
 But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:
 She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,
 Now knocking at one door, and then at another.
 The girls curtsy'd low as she look'd in their faces,
 And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;
 But this was coquettish, and that was a prude, 51
 One stupid and dull, t'other noisy and rude;
 A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,
 With prate without meaning, and pride without worth;
 A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, were such 55
 As either knew nothing, or something too much.—
 In short, as they pass'd, she to all had objections,
 The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affections,
 The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty,
 And all of them flirts from fifteen up to thirty. 60

When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,
 Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly,

But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,
She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.

My lady rose up as she saw her come in, 65

“O ho! Madam Genius! pray where have you been?”

(For her ladyship thought from so serious an air,

’Twas Genius come home, for it seems she liv’d there;)

But Fortune not minding her ladyship’s blunder,

And wiping her forehead, cry’d “Well may you wonder

“To see me thus flurry’d”—then told her the case,

And sigh’d till her ladyship laugh’d in her face. [lady,

“Mighty civil indeed!”—“Come, a truce,” says my

“A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye,

“I’ll shew you a girl that—Here, Martin, go tell— 75

“But she’s gone to undress; by and by is as well—

“I’ll shew you a sight that you’ll fancy uncommon,

“Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;

“A heart to no folly or mischief inclin’d,

“A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind.” 80

“O pray let me see her,” says Fortune, and smil’d;

“Do but give her to me, and I’ll make her my child—

“But who my dear! who?—for you have not told yet--”

“Who indeed,” says my lady, “if not Violette?”

The words were scarce spoke when she enter’d the room;

A blush at the stranger still heighten’d her bloom: 86

So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,

That Fortune, astonish’d, sat mute in her chair.

My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,

“This is Fortune my dear!” and presented her hand;

The goddess embrac’d her, and call’d her her own, 91

And, compliments over, her errand made known.

But how the sweet girl colour’d, flutter’d, and trem-

How oft she said No, and how ill she dissembled, [bled,

Or how little David rejoic’d at the news, 95

And swore from all others ’twas her he would chuse,

What methods he try’d, and what arts to prevail,

All these were they told would but burden my tale—

In short all affairs were so happily carried,

That hardly six weeks pass’d away till they married.

But Envy grew sick when the story she heard, 101

Violette was the girl that of all she most fear’d;

She knew her good humour, her beauty and sweetness,
 Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neatness ;
 From these she was sure that her man could not roam,
 And must rise on the stage from contentment at home :
 So on she went hissing, and inwardly curs'd her,
 And Garrick next season will certainly burst her. 108

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM,

The Humble Petition of the Worshipful Company of

POETS AND NEWSWRITERS,

SHewETH,

THAT your honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
 And writers of scandal for mending the times)
 By losses in business, and England's well doing,
 Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes they humbly conceive 5
 Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe,
 But from rubs in their way which your honour has laid,
 And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their
 And meant their last breath should go out in abuse ; [use,
 But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears) 11
 Since your honour has sat at the helm of affairs,
 No party will join them, no faction invite,
 To heed what they say or to read what they write ;
 Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord, are fled, 15
 And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
 In short, public business is so carry'd on,
 That their country is sav'd and the patriots undone.

To perplex them still more, and sure famine to bring,
 (Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting) 20
 If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise
 Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.

Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly entreat
 (As the times will allow and your honour thinks meet)
 That measures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint
 Be immediately furnish'd, to end their restraint, 26
 Their credit thereby and their trade to retrieve,
 That again they may rail and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)
Now the parliament's rising, and business is done, 30
That your honour would please at this dangerous crisis,
To take to your bosom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themselves and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give them something to say,
And your honour's petitioners ever shall pray. 36

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness ev'ry wish employs,
Thou dearest of thy sex! attend, 5
And hear the lover and the friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain,
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart, 10
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the lover from the friend.

Not distant is the cruel day
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, fairest! if I try 15
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send
To mourn the lover and the friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew
But what arose from love and you, 20
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness or disdain;
Then let your looks their pity lend
To cheer the lover and the friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame, 25
And suffer'd ills that want a name,
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept,

Till now unable to contend
I own'd the lover and the friend. 30

I saw you still: your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part;
Yet, while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend,
The name of lover with the friend. 35

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou, lovely maid! to thee I cry;
Heal me with kindness, or I die!
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the lover and the friend. 40

Curs'd be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O Fortune, I resign,
Let her, and Poverty, be mine!
And ev'ry year that life shall lend
Shall bleis the lover and the friend. 45

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive:
The last sad remedy remains;
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the lover from the friend. 50

Vain thought! tho' seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart,
With thy idea must depart,
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once the lover and the friend. 55 60

THE NUN, A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

OF Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell;

None sent to heaven so sweet a cry,
 Or roll'd at mass so bright an eye.
 No wanton taint her bosom knew,
 Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,
 Her knees were worn with midnight prayers,
 And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

AIR.

" In hallow'd walks and awful cells,
 " Secluded from the light and vain,
 " The chaste-ey'd maid with Virtue dwells,
 " And solitude and silence reign.

" The wanton's voice is heard not here ;
 " To heaven the sacred pile belongs ;
 " Each wall returns the whisper'd prayer,
 " And echoes but to holy songs."

RECITATIVE.

Alas ! that pamper'd monks should dare
 Intrude where fainted vestals are !

Ah Francis, Francis ! well I weet
 Those holy looks are all deceit.

With shame the muse prolongs her tale,
 The priest was young, the nun was frail,
 Devotion falter'd on her tongue,
 Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung :

AIR.

" Alas ! how deluded was I,
 " To fancy delights as I did,
 " With maidens at midnight to sigh,
 " And love, the sweet passion, forbid !

" O father ! my follies forgive,
 " And still to absolve me be nigh ;
 " Your lessons have taught me to live,
 " Come teach me, O teach me ! to die.

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,
 Her bosom half naked met his,
 Transported in silence she hung,
 And melted away at each kiss.

“ Ah father! expiring, she cry'd,
 “ With rapture I yield up my breath !”
 “ Ah daughter!” he fondly reply'd,
 “ The righteous find comfort in death.”

40

SOLOMON,

A SERENATA IN THREE PARTS.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE,

PART I.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD, Jerufalem ! thy king,
 Whose praises all the nations fing.
 To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
 All arts and wisdom under heav'n :
 For him the tuneful virgin throng
 Of Zion's daughters swell the song,
 While young and old their voices raise,
 And wake the echoes with his praise.

5

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains, lo ! he comes,
 Breathing from his lips perfumes,
 While zephyrs on his garments play,
 And sweets thro' all the air convey.

10

AIR.

SHE. Tell me, lovely shepherd ! where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care ?
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat,
 Left by the flocks I lonely stray
 Without a guide, and lose my way :
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd ! tell me where ?

15

20

AIR.

HE. Fairest of the virgin throng !
 Dost thou seek thy swain's abode ?
 See yon fertile vale, along
 The new-worn paths the flocks have trod ;
 Pursue the prints their feet have made,
 And they shall guide thee to the shade.

25

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whose boughs
Ripe fruit with streaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that shade the grove,
So shines among his sex my love.

30

AIR.

Beneath his ample shade I lay,
Defended from the sultry day,
His cooling fruit my thirst assuag'd,
And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd,
Till fated with the luscious taste,
I rose and blest the sweet repast.

35

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white
To fix on meaner flowers the sight?
Or leaves the rose's stem untorn
To crop the blossom from the thorn?
Unrivall'd thus thy beauties are;
So shines my love among the fair.

40

AIR.

Balmy sweetness ever flowing
From her dropping lips distils,
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
And her voice with music thrills.

45

Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,
Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
Breath not half so sweet as she.

50

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his slave despise,
Or pass me with unheeding eyes,
Because the sun's discolouring rays
Have chas'd the lily from my face:
My envious sisters saw my bloom,
And drove me from my mother's home:
Unshelter'd all the scorching day,
They made me in the vineyard stay.

55

AIR.

Ah, simple me! my own, more dear,
My own, alas! was not my care;

60

Invading love the fences broke,
And tore the clusters from the stock,
With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,
Nor rested till the ravage cloy'd.

AIR.

HE. Fair and comely is my love,
And softer than the blue-ey'd dove;
Down her neck the wanton locks
Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem
New shorn, and dropping from the stream;
Her glowing lips by far outvie
The plaited threads of scarlet dye;
Whene'er she speaks the accents wound,
And music floats upon the sound.

65

70

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming swain! forbear,
Thy voice enchants my list'ning ear,
And while I gaze my bosom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,
The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And ev'ry sense within me dies.

75

80

AIR.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl,
Affuage the fever in my soul!
With copious draughts my thirst remove,
And sooth the heart that's sick of love.

84

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

HE.

THE cheerful spring begins to-day,
Arise, my fair one! come away.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet music steals along the air—
Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair! and come away,
The cheerful spring begins to-day;
Bleak winter's gone, with all his train
Of chilling frosts and dropping rain:

5

Amidst the verdure of the mead
 The primrose lifts her velvet head, 10
 The warbling birds, the woods among,
 Salute the season with a song,
 The cooing turtle, in the grove,
 Renews his tender tale of love,
 The vines their infant tendrils shoot, 15
 The figtree bends with early fruit;
 All welcome in the genial ray:
 Arise, my fair! and come away.

CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial ray:
 Arise, O fair one! come away. 20

DUET.

Together let us range the fields,
 Impearled with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
 Or the apple's clust'ring bough;
 There in close-embower'd shades, 25
 Impervious to the noontide ray,
 By tinkling rills on rosy beds
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.

HE. How lovely art thou to the sight,
 For pleasure form'd and sweet delight 30
 Tall as the palm tree is thy shape,
 Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grape.

AIR.

Let me, love! thy bole ascending,
 On the swelling clusters feed,
 With my grasp the vinetree bending, 35
 In my close embrace shall bleed.

Stay me with delicious kisses
 From thy honey-dropping mouth,
 Sweeter than the summer breezes,
 Blowing from the genial south. 40

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O that a sister's specious name
 Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!

Uncensur'd then I'd own my love,
 And chastest virgins should approve ;
 Then fearless to my mother's bed
 My seeming brother would I lead,
 Soft transports should the hours employ,
 And the deceit should crown the joy.

45

AIR.

Soft! I adjure you by the fawns,
 That bound across the flow'ry lawns,
 Ye virgins! that ye lightly move,
 Nor with your whispers wake my love.

50

RECITATIVE.

HE. My fair's a garden of delight,
 Enclos'd and hid from vulgar sight,
 Where streams from bubbling fountains stray,
 And roses deck the verdant way.

55

AIR.

Softly arise, O southern breeze!
 And kindly fan the blooming trees,
 Upon my spicy garden blow,
 That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

60

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes! gently blow,
 That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

62

PART III.

AIR.

HE.

ARISE, my fair! the doors unfold,
 Receive me shiv'ring with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes,
 And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair! the doors unfold,
 Receive me shiv'ring with the cold;
 The chill drops hang upon my head,
 And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread:
 Receive me dropping to thy breast,
 And lull me in thy arms to rest.

5

10

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I hie,
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wanderer flown?
Ye blooming virgins! as you rove,
If chance you meet my straying love,
I charge you, tell him how I mourn,
And pant and die for his return.

15

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!
That from thy arms so late has stray'd?
Say what distinguish'd charms adorn
And finish out his radiant form?

20

AIR.

SHE. On his face the vernal rose
Bedded with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs;
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins! is the swain,
Whose absence causes all my pain.

25

30

35

RECITATIVE.

HE. Sweet nymph! whom ruddier charms adorn
Than open with the rosy morn,
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the sun in splendour bright,
Thy beauties dazzle from afar,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

40

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me, stamp me on thy breast,
Deep let the image be impress!

For love like armed death is strong,
 Rudely he drags his slaves along:
 If once to jealousy he turns,
 With never-dying rage he burns.

45

DUET.

Thou soft invader of the soul,
 O love! who shall thy pow'r control?
 To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
 Thy burning heat shall still remain.
 In vain we trace the globe, to try
 If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
 The treasures of the world will prove
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

50

55

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try
 If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
 The treasures of the world will prove
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

60

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou source of human art,
 Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
 In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
 Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand
 Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
 The canvass breathes no longer. Music's charms
 Uninfluenc'd by thee forget to please:
 Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute
 Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
 Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine;
 Thou gav'st to Nicolini ev'ry grace,
 And ev'ry charm to Farinelli's song.
 By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm
 Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,
 And urg'd by thee unfolds heav'n's mystic truths.
 The haughty fair, that swells with proud disdain,
 And smiles at mischiefs which her eyes have made,
 Thou humblest to submit and bless mankind.
 Hail, pow'r omnipotent! me uninvok'd
 Thou deign'st to visit, far, alas! unfit

5

11

15

20

To bear thy awful presence O retire!
At distance let me view thee, lest too nigh
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face.

23

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD,

In the Character of a Critic with a Catcall in his Hand.

ARE you all ready? here's your music, here*.
Author! sneak off; we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright—
“Pray, Sir,” says he, “must I be damn'd to-night?”
“Damn'd! surely friend. Don't hope for our compliance;
“Zounds, Sir! a second play's downright defiance. 6
“Tho' once, poor rogue! we pity'd your condition,
“Here's the true recipe for repetition.”
“Well, Sir,” says he, “e'en as you please; so then
“I'll never trouble you with plays again.” 10
“But hark ye, poet!—Won't you tho',” says I?
“'Pon honour—then we'll damn you, let me die.”
Sha'n't we, my bucks? let's take him at his word;
Damn him, or by my soul he'll write a third.
The man wants money I suppose—but mind ye— 15
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit now-a-days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays? 20
It argues some good nature to be quiet—
Good nature!—ay—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss;
'Tis death to him—what then?—'tis sport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes, 25
The bard may find us bloods good natur'd folks,
No crabbed critics, foes to rising merit:
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spirit.
Our author aims at no dishonest ends;
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends: 30
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
So, if you like it, save it; if not—damn it. 32

* Blowing his catcall.

AN ELEGY,

Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwall.

A MIDST these venerable drear remains
Of ancient grandeur, musing sad, I stray,
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race : 5
Aloft his mansion rose, around were seen
Extensive gardens, deck'd with ev'ry grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves, thro' all the seasons green.

Ah ! where is now its boasted beauty fled ?
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky, 10
And broken columns in confusion spread,
A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie.

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found :
How are these tott'ring walls by time defac'd,
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound, 15
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd !

In ancient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
Her artful snares to captivate the soul. 20

Or here, attended by a chosen train
Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
Health, joy, and happiness, by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns, 25
No gay gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
At the once bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the gardens beauty fled,
Which ev'ry clime was ransack'd to supply ? 30
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie !

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
Arrang'd from op'ning blossoms shed perfume,
And thick with fruitage stood the pendant pear, 35
The ruddy colour'd peach, and glossy plum.

Extinct is all the family of flow'rs;
In vain I seek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where ancient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
Defended from the raging Dogstar's heat. 40

Along the terrace walks are straggling seen
The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,
Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead, untill'd, a barren aspect wears, 46
And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood, 50
From far by art the stream was taught to flow,
Whose liquid stores supply'd th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the scaly fry—
But perish'd now are all the num'rous race, 55
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye great! behold th' uncertain state
Of earthly grandeur—Beauty, strength, and pow'r,
Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,
And flourish but the glory of an hour. 60

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
Still permanent tho' ages roll away:
Who builds on her immortal basis rears
A superstructure time can ne'er decay. 64



ODES.

THE DISCOVERY, AN ODE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HERRY PELHAM.

-----“*Vir bonus est quis?*” *Hor.*

TAKE wing my Muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell? 5

Not there where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the sensual sons of earth
In Pleasure's thoughtless train,
Nor yet where sanctity's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain. 10

Her social heart alike disowns
The race who, shunning crowds and thrones,
In shades sequester'd doze,
Whose sloth no gen'rous care can wake,
Who rot, like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In senseless vile repose. 15

With these she shuns the factious tribe
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe
And at Corruption lower,
Waiting till Discord havock cries,
In hopes, like Cataline, to rise
On anarchy to pow'r! 20

Ye wits! who boast from ancient times
A right divine to scourge our crimes,
Is it with you she rests?
No; int'rest, slander, are your views,
And Virtue now, with ev'ry Muse,
Flies your unhallow'd breasts. 25 30

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduc'd by play,

When Beauty was her throne ;
But now where felt the soft desires
The Furies light forbidden fires,
To love and her unknown.

35

From these th' indignant goddess flies,
And where the spires of Science rise,
A while suspends her wing ;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning ev'ry spring.

40

Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The Muse observ'd the wand'rer stray,
And mark'd her last retreat ;
O'er Surry's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Esmer's peaceful seat.

45

There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll
Amidst Elysian ground ;
There, through the windings of the grove,
She leads her family of love,
And strews her sweets around.

50

I hear her bid the daughters fair,
Oft' to yon gloomy grot repair
Her secret steps to meet ;
“ Nor thou,” she cries, “ these shades forsake,
“ But come, lov'd consort ! come and make
“ The husband's bliss complete.”

55

60

Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
My Pelham's ardent breast :
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation blest.

65

Pelham ! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on ev'ry part :

Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

70

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
Her barb'rous army fled;
When Valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

75

Now by thy strong assisting hand
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
Against whose solid feet
In vain through ev'ry future age
The loudest most tempestuous rage
Of angry war shall beat.

80

And grieve not if the sons of strife
Attempt to cloud thy spotless life
And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches! by kindness unsubdu'd,
Who see, who share the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

85

Like these the mytaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see deceit,
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heavenly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

90

ODE TO GARRICK,

UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I
were married. *Much Ado about Nothing.*

NO, no; the left-hand box, in blue:
There! don't you see her?—"See her! Who?"
Nay, hang me if I tell.
There's Garrick in the music-box!
Watch but his eyes: see there!—"O pox!"
"Your servant, Ma'moiselle."

5

But, tell me David, is it true ?
 Lord help us ! what will some folks do ?
 How will they curse this stranger !
 What ! fairly taken in for life !
 A sober, serious, wedded wife !
 O fie upon you, Ranger !

10

The clergy, too, have join'd the chat :
 " A Papist !—has he thought of that ?
 " Or means he to convert her ?"
 Troth, boy ! unless your zeal be stout,
 The nymph may turn your faith about
 By arguments experter.

15

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
 Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
 Ask if the deed be done ?
 O David ! listen to my lay,
 I'll prophesy the things they'll say ;
 For tongues, you know, will run.

20

" And pray what other news d'ye hear ?
 " Marry'd !—But don't you think, my dear,
 " He's growing out of fashion ?
 " People may fancy what they will,
 " But Quin's the only actor, still,
 " To touch the tender passion.

25

30

" Nay, Madam, did you mind last night
 " His Archer ? not a line on't right !
 " I thought I heard some hisses.
 " Good God ! if Billy Mills, thought I,
 " Or Billy Havard, would but try,
 " They'd beat him all to pieces.

35

" 'Twas prudent, though, to drop his Bayes—
 " And (*entre nous*) the laureat says
 " He hopes he'll give up Richard :
 " But then it tickles me to see,
 " In Hastings, such a shrimp as he
 " Attempt to ravish Pritchard.

40

" The fellow pleas'd me well enough
 " In—what d'ye call it ? Hoadley's stuff ;
 " There's something there like nature :
 " Just so in life he runs about,
 " Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,
 " But hurts no mortal creature.

45

" And then there's Belmont, to be sure—
 " O ho ! my gentle Neddy Moore !
 " How does my good Lord Mayor ?
 " And have you left Cheapside, my dear !
 " And will you write again next year,
 " To shew your fav'rite player ?

50

" But Merope, we own, is fine ;
 " Eumenes charms in every line ;
 " How prettily he vapours !
 " So gay his dress, so young his look,
 " One would have sworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
 " Or Mathews, cutting capers."

55

60

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,
 And councils hold at ev'ry rout,
 To alter all your plays ;
 Yates shall be Benedict next year,
 Macklin be Richard, Taswell Lear,
 And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

65

Two parts they readily allow
 Are yours, but not one more they vow,
 And thus they close their spite :
 You will be Sir John Brute, they say,
 A very Sir John Brute all day,
 And Fribble all the night.

70

But tell me, fair ones, is it so ?
 You all did love him once,* we know ;
 What then provokes your gall ?
 Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why,
 Quarrels may come, or madam die,
 And then there's hope for all.

75

* Julius Caesar.

And now, a word or two remains,
 Sweet Davy, and I close my strains. 80
 Think well ere you engage;
 Vapours and ague-fits may come,
 And matrimonial claims at home,
 Unnerve you for the stage.

But if you find your spirits right, 85
 Your mind at ease, and body tight,
 Take her; you can't do better:
 A pox upon the tattling town!
 The fops that join to cry her down
 Would give their ears to get her. 90

Then if her heart be good and kind,
 (And sure that face bespeaks a mind
 As soft as woman's can be)
 You'll grow as constant as a dove,
 And taste the purer sweets of love
 Unvisited by Ranby. 96

SONGS.

SONG I.

THUS I said to my heart in a pet t'other day,
 " I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
 " No throbbings no wishes your moments employ,
 " But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy. 4
 " When Cloe perplex'd me 'twas sweeter by half,
 " And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh;
 " Your burnings and achings I strove not to cure,
 " Tho' one was a jilt, and the other a whore. 8
 " When I walk'd up the Mall, or stroll'd thro' the street,
 " Not a petticoat brush'd me but then you could beat;
 " Or, if bang went the hoop against corner or post,
 " In the magical round you were sure to be lost. 12
 " But now, if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
 " Like Adam unfallen, you never perceive,

“ Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide,
“ You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside. 16

“ Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,
“ That inclines you with beauty no more to engage ?
“ Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite mad
“ In the summer's gay season to see you so sad.” 20

“ Have a care,” quoth my heart, “ how you tempt me
to stray ;

“ He that hunts down a woman must run a d—d way ;
“ Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with a fox,
“ And, secure in the chase, her pursuers she mocks, 24

“ For Cloe I burnt, with an innocent flame,
“ And beat to the music that breath'd out her name ;
“ Three summers flew over the castles I built,
“ And beheld me a fool, and my goddess a jilt. 28

“ Next Thais, the wanton, my wishes employ'd,
“ And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd ;
“ Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire, 31
“ But unlike him was scorch'd, and compell'd to retire.

“ Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
“ And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd, again ;
“ Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a shoe,
“ Ever pass'd you by day-light but at it I flew. 36

“ Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
“ For rest I retreated again to be whole,
“ But your eyes, ever open to lead me astray,
“ Have beheld a new face, and command me away. 40

“ But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
“ 'Twill be folly to ask for, or wish my return ;
“ Neither Thais nor Cloe again shall inflame, [name.”
“ But a nymph more provoking than all you can

This said, with a bound from my bosom he flew ; 45
O, Phillis ! these eyes saw him posting to you :
Enslav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I shall never possess him again. 48

SONG II.

COLIN.

BE still, Oh ye winds ! and attentive ye swains !
 'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains ;
 The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
 A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true. [me throng !

PHEB. Glide softly ye streams ! O ye nymphs round
 'Tis Colin commands, and attends to my song ; 6
 Search all the world over you never can find
 A maiden so blest or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun, that gives light to the
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ; [year,
 Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away, 11
 Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

COL. With Phebe beside me, the seasons how gay !
 Then winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as May ;
 The summer's gay verdure springs still as she treads,
 And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PHEB. When Colin is absent 'tis winter all round,
 How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground,
 Instead of the linnet's and nightingale's song,
 I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long. 20

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun, &c.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
 Together will wander, and Love shall be by ;
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the long day,
 And Phebe, at night, all his pains shall repay. 25

PHEB. By moonlight, when shadows glide over the
 His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain ; [plain,
 The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
 Or sleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun, &c. 30

COL. Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
 How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain !
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
 And learn to be happy of Phebe and me. [try'd,

PHEB. Ye nymphs ! who the pleasures of love never
 Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide ; 36

Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy of Colin and me.

BOTH. 'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear, [year,
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day. 42

SONG III.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a Maying,
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep
That round in meanders was straying. 4

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose, wet with dew,
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning. 8

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising;
She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in surprise,
And blush'd like the sun at his rising. 12

She sung him a song, as he lean'd on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shoulder;
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to enfold her. 16

The rustic, grown kind by a kiss, told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his blessing;
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolic'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there's no guessing. 20

SONG IV.

HE.

LET rakes for pleasure range the Town,
Or misers dote on golden guineas,
Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown,
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let wanton maids indulge desire,
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is! 5

The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH. Together let us sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is ; 10
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE. Let roving swains young hearts invade,
The pleasure ends in shame and folly ;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd 15
The poor believing simple Molly.

SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry,
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry. 20

BOTH. But we'll together, &c.

HE. By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
And ev'ry joy be mine and Jenny's. 25

SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny ;
Content, and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love, shall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH. Together still we'll sport and play, 30
And live in pleasure where no sin is ;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's, 33

SONG V.

STAND round my brave boys ! with heart and with
And all in full chorus agree ! (voice,
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free. 4

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shout we draw nigh,
And Echo shall victory ring ;
Then, safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it Long live the King ! 8

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our
 And plenty and peace blest the Isle; [shore,
 The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
 And reap the sweet fruits of his toil. 12

CHORUS. Then rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
 And melt us to softer alarms;
 Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return
 And bless the brave youth in her arms. 17

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly as with shouts we draw nigh,
 And Echo shall victory ring;
 Then, safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
 And chorus it Long live the King! 21

SONG VI.

TO make the wife kind, and to keep the house still,
 You must be of her mind let her say what she will;
 In all that she does you must give her her way,
 For tell her she's wrong and you lead her astray. 4

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, take care! of suspicions beware,
 Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
 With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
 As to make, by your jealousy, horns for yourselves. 8

II.

Abroad all the day if she chuses to roam,
 Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come home;
 The man she likes best and longs most to get at
 Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that. 12

CHORUS. Then husbands! &c.

III.

What virtues she has you may safely oppose;
 Whatever her follies are, praise her for those;
 Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man;
 For, accuse her of vice, and she'll sin if she can. 17

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
 Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;

With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
As to make, by your jealousy, horns for themselves.

SONG VII.

DAMON.

HARK, hark ! o'er the plains, how th' merry bells
Asleep while my charmer is laid ; [ring,
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid. 4

PHIL. 'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away ;
O Damon ! I'm young and afraid :
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid. 8

DAM. The bridemaids are met, and mamma's on the
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid : (fret ;
Come, open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid. 12

PHIL. Dear shepherd forbear, and to-morrow, I
To-morrow I'll not be afraid : [swear,
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid. 16

DAM. No, no, Phillis, no ; on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid :
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid. 20

PHIL. Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before !
His bliss silly Damon delay'd ;
To church let us go, and if there I say no,
Oh then let me die an old maid. 24

SONG VIII.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ; [pride,
I dwell on her praises wherever I go :
They say I'm in love, but I answer, no, no. 4

At evening, oft times, with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no. 8

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
 Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny ! again
 I kiss her soft lips as if there I could grow,
 And fear I'm in love though I answer no, no. 12

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee :
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
 Who knows but she loves tho' she tells me no, no. 16

Yet, such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
 I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own :
 Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
 And wish to persuade while I answer no, no. 20

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah ! why
 Should Prudence advise and compel me to fly ?
 Thy bounties, O Fortune ! make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I say no. 24

SONG IX.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true'
 And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too,
 That my lips are as red as the rosebud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale, sweetly in tune :
 All this has been told me by twenty before,
 But he that would win me must flatter me more. 6

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
 My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring :
 For charms such as these, then, your praises give o'er :
 To love me for life you must love me for more. 12

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
 For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there :
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day ;
 For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too. 18

SONG X.

HOW blest has my time been ; what days have I
known !

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own !

So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,

That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain. 4

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play ;

How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,

And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me. 8

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen

In revels all day with the nymphs on the green ;

Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,

And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What, though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,

Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through ;

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,

And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth. 16

Ye shepherds so gay ! who make love to ensnare,

And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair,

In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !

To hold it for life you must find it at home. 20

SONG XI.

HARK, hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb ;

" Come, Lucy," it cries, " come away !

" The grave of thy Colin has room

" To rest thee beside his cold clay."

" I come, my dear shepherd ! I come ;

" Ye friends and companions adieu :

" I haste to my Colin's dark home,

" To die on his bosom so true." 5

All mournful the midnight bell rung

When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,

And forth to the green turf she sprung,

Where Colin's pale ashes repose : 10

All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
 While stormy winds over her blew, 15
 And night ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd Colin!" she cry'd,
 "How long must thy Lucy complain?
 "How long shall the grave my love hide?
 "How long ere it join us again? 20
 "For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
 "With thee o'er the world would she fly,
 "For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
 "For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear 25
 "Thy Lucy was once to her swain,
 "Her face, like the lily so fair,
 "And eyes that gave light to the plain!
 "The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 "That face and those eyes charm no more, 30
 "And Lucy, forgot and alone,
 "To death shall her Colin deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air, 35
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 "I hear the kind call, and obey;
 "Oh Colin! receive me," she cried;
 Then, breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tombstone and died. 40

SONG XII.

FOR a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mein,
 Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green,
 But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
 Those her beauties invited her pride would destroy. 4

By the flocks as she stray'd, with the nymphs of the vale,
 Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;
 Tho' fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain, [dain.
 And return'd with neglect what she heard with dis-

But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
 And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies;
 The nymph, cur'd by time of her folly and pride,
 Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny'd. 12

No longer she frolics it wide o'er the plain,
 To kill, with her coyness, the languishing swain;
 So humbled her pride is, so soften'd her mind,
 That, tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind.

SONG XIII.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet!
 But, ah! how swift they flew!
 The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
 The garden, and the grove,
 Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
 And vows of endless love. 5

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
 He left her to complain,
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
 And measure time by pain.
 But heaven will take the mourner's part,
 In pity to despair,
 And the last sigh that rends the heart
 Shall waft the spirit there. 16

FINIS.



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